New Statesman

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MARX: The International Debt

Green revolution in Britain ● Inner Mann

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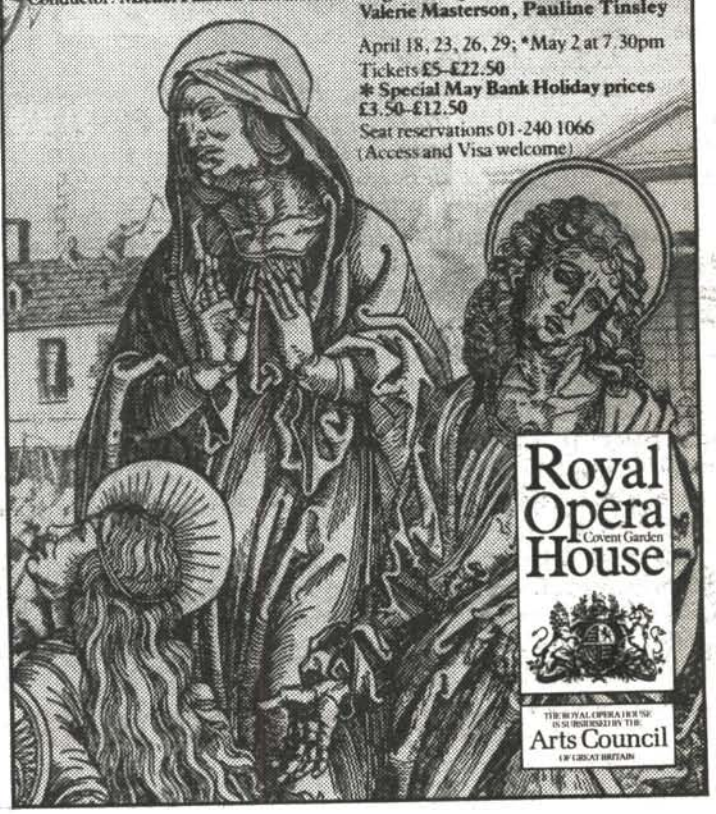

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New Statesman Vol 105 No 2712 11 March 1983

Labour's leadership — what if ?

LABOUR'S LEADERSHIP CRISIS has not been on Fleet Street news editors' schedules now for the better part of a fortnight. The media unquestionably hunt as a pack. For the moment their collective view is that Mr Foot's prospects and performance are not news. But this does not alter the fact that Michael Foot's position remains precarious, that speculation within and without the Labour Party on his future and the eventual succession to him continues, and that the pack will have him at bay again, if Labour's performance in the Darlington by-election at the end of this month is poor.

This moment of relative tranquillity, therefore, is a good time to argue what the Labour Party should do, if for any reason Michael Foot decided to stand down as leader sooner rather than later. Our view (as we said last week) is that in the present situation he should stay. There is little reason to suppose that a change of leader alone would miraculously transform Labour's standing in the opinion polls. If the party is indeed doomed to lose the next election, it could well be argued that the least long-term damage would be done by letting events take their course.

But what should happen *if*? The problem would then obviously centre on the cumbersome procedure for electing a leader, into which the party locked itself (after two years of internecine warfare) at its special party conference at Wembley in January 1981. The formula then agreed may have been a serviceable political compromise on paper. It was certainly not one well suited for solving a leadership crisis at short notice. Any way out, therefore, would be a question of making the best of a difficult job.

The only sure fact is that, in the event of the leader no longer being available, the deputy leader automatically takes over on a provisional basis. There are currently two main schools of thought as to how Denis Healey, the National Executive and the party at large should then handle such a situation in the inevitable shadow of the coming general election. One holds that Healey should continue as provisional leader until a leadership election could be held at the ordinary party conference in the autumn – assuming that the general election had not been called by then. The other holds that a special conference to elect a leader should be held before then, but that for the sake of party unity in an election year, potential candidates on the centre and right of the party should not put up against Healey. He would in those circumstances presumably win against the chosen standard bearer for the Left.

Either of these courses would be political folly. Denis Healey has pugilistic qualities that make him without question more effective than Michael Foot on the stump and on the box. But he is not a leader suited to heal and unify a party. His chances of even being able to lead the party effectively into a general election or until the autumn would be close to zero, if those who never have and never will like him are using the time to work for his defeat in the leadership election in due course. Externally, Denis Healey's position as provisional party leader would make him vulnerable to obvious and effective attacks from the Tories about the insecurity of his position as leader.

So far as the leader's position within the party is concerned, however, a special conference itself would not be enough. For there to be any real chance for the leader who emerged to have the moral authority to lead the party with effect, he would need to have been chosen after a process in which there was no artificial constraint upon the candidates. This applies particularly to Denis Healey. The left and centre of the party would never accept the moral authority of his leadership, if it was clear that he owed his position only to the combination of the quirks of recent constitutional changes and tactical considerations in an election year. In the situation that would then exist, the only hope for the party would be a leader who emerged with the full authority of having won a contest against all who thought they had a chance and wanted to stand.

THE ARGUMENTS IN favour of holding a special conference to elect a new leader properly as soon as possible, if Michael Foot should go, are therefore overwhelming. There would, of course, be serious practical problems to be overcome. The process could not be got through in less than two months – perhaps a little longer. The National Executive would have to meet in special session, if the matter could not be placed quickly on the agenda of one of its regular monthly meetings. Nominations for the leadership would be required.

In theory any affiliated union or constituency can nominate. But since a nomination has to be endorsed by 5 per cent of the membership of the Parliamentary Party (and since the person nominated must be an MP), this stage of the procedure could be brief. There would then have to be a period of over a month to allow constituency parties and affiliated bodies to consider the nominations and select their conference delegates.

In theory it would be open to Mrs Thatcher to try to catch Labour on the hop by calling an election in the middle of this process. In practice she would be extremely unwise to try any such obvious trick. The public reaction would certainly be negative. Denis Healey would then be the provisional leader of the party through the election campaign, with his position immune to Tory jibes.

The effect of an open and openly contested leadership election campaign on Labour's fortunes would be much more likely to be good than bad. For once, concentrated media attention could work in Labour's favour, depriving Mrs Thatcher and the government of their usual automatic headline coverage and support during a critical part of this year. From it, a leader would emerge behind whom the party could effectively unite. But, quite apart from such tactical considerations, it would be the only proper way for a supposedly democratic party to proceed. □

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Why Arthur Scargill wanted a confrontation

FOR THE third time since he became President of the National Union of Mineworkers last year, Arthur Scargill discovered this week that his troops were not prepared to follow him into battle. But it seems unlikely that this latest rebuff will cause him to alter his approach or to become more amenable to discussions with the National Coal Board.

Since he took over the presidency, Scargill has devoted much of his energy to trying to extract the union from the network of consultative committees which span the mining industry at national and local level. He believes that these consultations are a farce, and that they merely implicate the leadership of the union in management decisions.

When he gave evidence – reluctantly – to the Select Committee on Energy last November he argued the country should accept 'a loss without limit' on extracting British coal. The alternative of redundancies or importing foreign coal was unacceptable. His assertion led the (pro-nuclear) Labour MP Arthur Palmer to exclaim:

> Is that not really to move the industry away from the principle of nationalisation . . . to a condition of syndicalism where the workers in the industry make the decision on behalf of their own industry and not, in the long run, the community through its elected representatives or managers?

In no country is it clear exactly what the goals of a nationalised industry are as all, including the NCB, are expected to serve the 'national interest' in some way. The conflict is most acute in mining because of the strength of the NUM.

Scargill wishes ultimately to have a form of workers' control; but in the short term he will settle for eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation – or 'collective bargaining' as he prefers to call it. His antipathy to traditional compromise and consultation is so deep that he has attacked the Institute for Workers' Control for its conditional acceptance of the Bullock Committee's proposals on industrial democracy. Scargill argues that participation in a capitalist society, even within a nationalised industry, is doomed to failure. The compromises that emerge will always be bargains that favour capitalism.

Scargill's attitude towards 'protecting the coal industry' is diametrically opposed to that of the National Coal Board. In recent years, the Board has been reasonably successful in cutting miners' jobs by buying out older miners with large redundancy payments. This process had made Scargill's job all the more difficult – and has convinced him of the importance of having a set-piece battle over pit closures, rather than a series of local agreements.

The Coal Board claims that its policy has been 'humane'. Between 1974 and September 1982 it closed 59 pits, which had been producing a total of about nine million tonnes of coal a year at a productivity level of about two-thirds of the national average. The closures affected 21,500 men but only 5,550 of them were made redundant. The rest were transferred to other pits and were given a special allowance to encourage them to do so. But at the 'receiving' pits a comparable number of older miners volunteered for redundancy.

At the pits which were actually closed, 90 per cent of the 5,500 who became redundant were aged over 55; almost all of them left voluntarily. The NCB is proud of this record, seeing it as a tribute to its humanity that so few miners have been made compulsorily redundant.

The union disagrees, for four reasons. Firstly, redundancies, voluntary or compulsory, reduce the power and size of the union. Secondly, jobs sold by older workers are jobs lost to the community and to younger generations. The Ty-Mawr/Lewis-Merthyr miners are particularly angry that the Coal Board withdrew its offer of no redundancies or 'shake-outs' at pits to which Ty-Mawr/Lewis-Merthyr miners were transferred.

Thirdly, the NUM believes that the Coal Board is about to enter an era of modernisation so revolutionary that the job losses will not be achievable by voluntary redundancies alone. A special report prepared by academics at Bradford University, which has been studied by the NUM executive, speaks of half the industry's jobs falling victim to the microprocessor.

Finally, the redundancies are not being spread evenly. Older coalfields which have been starved of investment – such as South Wales – will suffer disproportionately. The only area with a closure programme comparable to that in South Wales is Yorkshire. But Yorkshire, unlike Wales, has had investment poured into the development of new pits for years. By contrast, the one super-pit projected for South Wales has been shelved since the late 1970s.

In support of its claim that it is fighting for the very survival of the industry, the NUM can point to the devastation already wrought over the past 25 years. Between 1957 and 1965 about 300 collieries were closed and 30 merged. Over the same period the number of employees fell from 703,800 to 465,000. After 1965 the closure rate became even faster. From January 1965 to March 1966 the industry lost between 600 and 800 men every week. Between 1965 and 1969 another 200 pits closed – roughly the total now currently remaining.

In retrospect, the closure programme in the 1960s could not have been timed more ineptly. Oil prices shot up just as Britain was closing its own indigenous reserves of coal, which had been written off as 'uneconomic'.

But arguments about 'keeping capacity open' are unlikely to influence the present government, given its clearly stated preference for nuclear power. The preference is political as well as economic, as was revealed by the minutes of the Cabinet Committee on Economic Strategy, held on 23 October 1979: 'A nuclear programme would have the advantage of removing a substantial portion of electricity production from the dangers of disruption by coal miners and transport workers.' To Arthur Scargill, those words sound like a death knell.

Walter Pond

Ban-the-bomb Heseltine

THE SECRETARY OF STATE for Defence, Mr Michael Heseltine, was the organiser and sponsor of what was probably Britain's first Ban-the-Bomb campaign – preceding the start up of CND by more than three years. Heseltine's youthful, and hitherto little discussed, contribution to the nuclear disarmament movement was to draft a petition for the Oxford University Hydrogen Bomb Campaign Committee in the spring of 1954. He and another prominent Oxford Conservative, Nicholas Waterhouse, were the final authors of the petition, which demanded nuclear disarmament and the abolition of the hydrogen bomb.

But Heseltine and others on the Committee were attacked from the right for serving communist ends, in much the same terms as he and other government ministers seek to impugn CND today. Ironically, the criticisms of the Hydrogen Bomb Campaign Committee had far more substance than do contemporary Ministry of Defence smears.

The Committee included the ex-secretary of the Oxford University communists (now an ex-communist), Raphael Samuel. The petition, Samuel now says, 'was my idea', and the Communist Club supported and encouraged it. Des-

Toys for the boys

Bored with computer games in TV? Why not have your own atomic bomb simulator in your back garden? Introduced exclusively by the Ministry of Defence, this handy little tin will, when placed in a hole in the ground and covered with earth, detonate forming a white mushroom cloud. This latest toy from the MoD is used by our boys in West Germany. There is one problem – in order to see the cloud, the boys have to be so close that in real life they would be instantly atomised. To order, ask for Atom Burst 1370-12-137-5934-LV52 from the list of 'Nuclear, Biological and Chemical training aids' in the Army Training Manual. The manual is not available to the general public.

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pite the university's communists then being 'orthodox, Moscow-line', the Committee was not a front; nor would the Tories, Heseltine and Waterhouse, necessarily have known that the idea had indeed been born in the Communist Club. The Committee was broadly based, including such contemporary luminaries as poet Adrian Mitchell and Channel 4 programme controller Jeremy Isaacs.

Their activities were alleged to be 'part of the Communist Party's nationwide campaign against the H-bomb' in a leaflet, 'Against the Petition', circulated by right-wing students. In fact, the broad support for the petition indicates the high level of public concern about nuclear weapons two years after the birth of the H-bomb.

In some recent speeches, Heseltine has referred briefly to his Oxford activities as evidence of his genuine interest in disarmament. As he draws up his plans for attacks on today's independent disarmament movement, will he remember what it was like to be regarded as a communist stooge serving Moscow's interests?

Duncan Campbell

British Embassy 'link' man a saboteur in Mozambique

THE BRITISH Connection with the South African-backed Mozambique National Resistance is now emerging more strongly – and in a way that implicates the British Embassy in Maputo. Links between Britain and the irregular MNR armed bands, responsible for many deaths and acts of economic disruption in Mozambique, are alarming members of the British community there.

Last month, the *Observer* identified Alan Gingles, a former British Army lieutenant, as one of the MNR saboteurs killed while laying explosives on the Mozambique/Zimbabwe rail line in 1981. On 17 February this year, British-born Finlay Dion Hamilton was convicted for his involvement with sabotage and sentenced to 20 years in prison.

Despite his British passport, Hamilton was raised and educated in South Africa. In the early 1960s he went to work for the South African company Manica Freight Services, based in Beira, Mozambique's second city. At the time of his arrest in December, Hamilton was managing director of Manica Freight and, among other things, head of the Beira Aero Club. In his private plane he paid regular visits to South Africa, both on business and to see his family. He is also known to be a close friend of Evo Fernandes, the MNR representative in Lisbon. He visited Fernandes earlier last year and is godfather to one of his children.

He was used by the British Embassy in Maputo as a kind of unofficial British consul in Beira. Last year, British Ambassador John Stewart invited British residents in Beira to meet Hamilton, and presented him as the liaison man through whom communications with the Embassy should be channelled in case of need.

In January this year a number of Britons working on contract in Mozambique and resident in Beira wrote an angry note to Stewart, protesting that the Embassy actions could have compromised them. Hamilton had also, said the note, acted for the Embassy over accommodation, transport and contact with local officials. And plans had been announced for a radio link via Hamilton from Beira to the Embassy in Maputo.

It has been established that Hamilton was in contact with, if not the controller of, the MNR network based in Beira. His arrest came two days after the spectacular blowing up of the BP-owned fuel storage tanks on 9 December. On 24 January, the local newspapers carried photos of the arms, ammunition and radio equipment found during a search of Hamilton's home. In his hangar at Beira airport, 1000 litres of aero fuel were also found concealed.

The Foreign Office refuses to comment on any links Hamilton had with either the British Embassy or the MNR, but says merely 'Hamilton was a well-known British businessman in Beira'. The consul is keeping in close contact with Hamilton, having last visited him in jail on 24 February.

Jan Marsh

MISCELLANY

Above their station

All the talk of Ian MacGregor has diverted attention from another nationised industry chairmanship which will shortly be vacant. Mrs Thatcher shows no signs of asking Sir Peter Parker to serve another term at British Rail, and our Whitehall mole says that two under-employed 52-year-old capitalists are running strong campaigns to persuade the PM to give them the job. Front runner is Sir Michael Edwardes, who was knighted for being the hatchet man at British Leyland and would like to get a Thatcher peerage for taking on the railways. He is said to be bored with his part-time activity in the private sector with Chloride Batteries. The outsider, but trying hard, is Nigel Vinson, who made a million by building up and selling a company that made plastic coating for clothes lines. Since then he hasn't had a proper job, but has become a kind of statutory right-wing small businessman on bodies like the CBI's Smaller Firms Council and the Institute of Directors. He ran – without much success – the Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal, and for its first six years was closely associated with the Centre for Policy Studies, set up by Mrs Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph in 1974. His experience of running large organisations is nil, but this may count for less than his political commitment.

Silence, please

Rumours that Sir Keith Joseph is barking are not true. In fact, the exact opposite is the case: he's as silent as the grave. 'Keith hasn't opened his mouth in Cabinet for weeks. He never says a word,'

according to One Who Knows. But surely Sir Keith must hold forth when education is discussed? Apparently not. Our Cabinet source admits to being 'rather worried' by Sir Keith's corpse-like behaviour. As Dorothy Parker remarked, on being told that President Coolidge had died: 'How can they tell?'

Paying the piper

We reported last week that Tarmac Construction Company had won an £11½ million contract to build the siloes for cruise missiles at Greenham Common. When asked about the morality of this job, the company replied that it was 'not appropriate for directors to attempt to make judgments in the political field'. How odd, then, to learn that Tarmac is a regular and generous donor to the Conservative Party; in the last year for which figures are available, 1981, the company handed over £13,000. But perhaps this bears out Tarmac's point about its directors' lack of political judgment.

Out of the limelight

The tumult and the shouting have died; the Captains and the Kings have departed for Darlington. It therefore seemed an appropriate moment to wander over to Bermondsey to see how Peter Tatchell is bearing up. Quite well, it seems. His flat is no longer defended like a fortress; the death threats have abated. And the hate-mail has given way to fan-mail: of the hundred letters he received last week, about 95 per cent were friendly. A Tory from Belgravia wrote to deplore the 'unsportsmanship' of the campaign against Tatchell. A vicar in Shropshire said that 'although I am delighted with the success of the Liberal/SDP candidate, my feelings, thoughts and sympathies are with you'. Tatchell himself is still bemused by the hatred he encountered: 'In the last few days of the campaign there was an atmosphere of almost fascist mass hysteria.' He is also irked by the Liberals' claim that they fought a clean battle. He points out that, in the first week of the campaign, a Liberal leaflet was headlined: 'Southwark Labour plan RATES UP 135% – but *they* won't tell you until after the election!' In fact, Southwark's rates will rise by 26 per cent; high enough, to be sure, but not *quite* the same as 135 per cent.

Strange bedfellows

Since Labour won control of Islington Council in north London last year, the local Libs and Soc-Dems have been pretty vigorous in their denunciations of the 'extremists' on the council. The other day, the local mould-breakers put out a leaflet urging the populace to come to the town hall to protest at a proposed rate increase. About 200 people turned up, including the ineffable Martin Webster and some of his colleagues in the National Front. George Cunningham, the local Social Democratic MP, addressed the throng while a contingent of National Fronters and SDP supporters went into a meeting of the council's policy committee; the NF mob distinguished themselves by shouting racist abuse at black and Jewish councillors. One begins to wonder just how broad a church the Alliance is.

Party games

Malcolm Dean, the SDP candidate for Bath, has never been particularly popular with local Liberals – not least because he displaced their own candidate for the seat, Steve Atack. But Dean, who works for the *Guardian*, seems to be in no mood for fence-mending. Interviewed on a Bristol radio station about the Libs' success in Bermondsey, he declared: 'This is the greatest SDP victory since the war!' Not quite, Malcolm.

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Where there's a Wills there's a way

FOUR ELDERLY and wealthy men launched their scheme to revive militaristic traditions in Britain last Monday. The tradition has been rather emasculated by the growing peace movement with its strong female leadership.

The four men, Admiral Lord Hill Norton, General Sir Anthony Farrar-Hockley, Air Marshal Sir Frederick Sowrey and Sir David Wills, have been planning their scheme for a new, 700,000 strong 'Home Guard' for over two years. Or rather, they have been planning to launch their group, 'Defence Begins at Home', which will campaign to 'create a groundswell in favour of quicker and wider mobilisation'. A feasibility study on a volunteer force which they carried out was leaked to *The Times* last October around the time that then-defence Minister Nott announced plans to form a smaller 4,500 strong Home Service Force.

The group have offices in central London and four staff headed by Colonel Michael Hickey. Sir David Wills, part of the Wills tobacco family, provides the finance. 'It's been quite a considerable sum, though nothing by City standards,' says Hickey. 'Sir David persuaded me to retire early from a military career and take on all this work. He pays all my salary and all my expenses. He's been very generous.'

Apart from his own personal wealth, Sir David is a trustee of the Dulverton Trust, which is chaired by Frederick Wills, Baron of Dulverton, and head of the cigarette family. The Trust has funds from the Wills' profits of over £15 million. It has given £20,000 to the anti-CND campaign group, the British Atlantic Committee, which shares the same address as the Trust. Trust secretary, General Douglas Brown, refused to discuss the work of the Trust, what it exists to do, and to whom it gives money.

Sir David is also chairman of the Ditchley Foundation, a prestigious group of the internationally high powered.

Chris Horrie

Three men in search of a 'groundswell': Wills, Hill Norton & Sowrey

The Guardian

Failure of TOPS computer courses

COMPUTER courses on TOPS, the government training scheme, are very fragmented and need a much greater national coherence according to a group set up by the Manpower Services Commission (MSC) to review the courses. 'There is no common product produced by TOPS, no common system of selection for courses and no inspection of lecturers or training facilities,' commented Hugh Sharpe, chairman of the group and head of the MSC's computing occupations training.

Criticism of the courses by both industry and students led to the establishment of the 12-strong group which is now mid-way through its research into what went wrong. The group spent the last two months holding 33 meetings with employers and providers of training across the country.

This is the first formal committee set up to review a TOPS course. 'People wait two or three years to get onto TOPS courses because they know they'll get a job at the end. But after finishing the computer courses people were not getting jobs,' said an MSC spokesman.

3,600 people completed TOPS courses in computers last year, out of a total 50,000 on TOPS courses. This accounted for £16 million of the MSC's total expenditure for 1982/3 of £101.4 million. Computer courses are run in conjunction with different computer companies and this is part of the problem. 'We've found that TOPS computer courses are not one scheme', said Sharpe. 'There are lots of local training arrangements, all with separate schemes.' Nonetheless, computer courses have been taking an increasing proportion of the TOPS budget, because of the importance of the skill and shortage of private training schemes.

The MSC's investigating group hopes to make recommendations to the MSC in a report in May.

Caroline Berman

Knapp moves ahead in NUR election

JIM KNAPP looks set to become the next general secretary of the 170,000 strong National Union of Railwaymen.

Knapp picked up more branch nominations (178) than the other three candidates in the election put together.

The closing date for votes is not until 15 March, and the ballot is secret, but NUR sources say that from details of branch votes that are known, the voting pattern seems to be following the nominations. Indeed they say that there are some signs of a 'bandwagon' effect, with a handful of branches that had nominated other candidates opting for Knapp.

The other main candidate in the election is Charlie Turnock, who secured 98 nominations. The other two candidates are Andy Dodds and Benny Entwhistle.

Turnock was Sid Weighell's favoured successor, as the senior of the assistant general secretaries standing in the election. However, Knapp has taken a more independent line and in his election address specifically mentioned the need to co-operate with other unions in the railway industry – in other words, ASLEF. Knapp's election could reduce the conflict between the two unions.

The election is being conducted by the Electoral Reform Society and the results should be officially declared around the end of this month.

Mick Hamer

BBC gambles sky-high

THE £300 million BBC satellite television deal signed this week could prove to be a disaster for the corporation. It has committed itself for the next 10 years to a form of technology which may be out of date before the satellite is even launched in 1986. And a shift in government policy towards free 'open skies' competition could further jeopardise BBC finances.

The deal commits the BBC to buying a large, powerful direct-to-home satellite at a cost of around £168 million. From the satellite, it would run two new channels providing, in the main, new feature films. The material for the channels will cost a further £140-£150 million. In addition, the BBC will be paying a £12 million leasing fee per channel per year. The contract lasts until 1993 when the seven-year life of a satellite comes to an end.

What is threatening the BBC's finances is that less high-powered satellites are expected to come on the market by 1986. This means they will be cheaper to lease. Even without this breakthrough, cable television operators will be able to supply competing services fed from these smaller satellites by using larger receiving dishes. Although the larger dishes are more expensive, blocks of flats or even streets of terraced houses will be able to club together to acquire them.

The BBC's decision to sign the satellite deal was a gamble in which it assumed that there would be no immediate competition in providing satellite services. The government gave early approval for the direct-to-home television satellite following pressure from British Aerospace and Marconi who, along with British Telecom, formed the consortium Unisat which got the BBC contract.

But while the Home Office, with which the BBC was dealing, is against free satellite competition, there is a lobby in the Department of Industry which wants to throw open the skies to all comers and would prefer that it, rather than the Home Office, had authority over communications.

So far, at least seven consortia have applied for the low-cost distribution satellite channels from which they would provide their own television programmes. They include Brian Hayne's Satellite Television plc and Rank Trident Satellite and Cable Ltd. If the DoI lobby wins the day – and it is close to Thatcher's thinking and Hunt's recommendations on cable television – the BBC will be faced with heavy competition whose services may be of lower quality but cheaper and more popular. With features available on video and cable television as well, it may find it is paying for a service no one wants. But even if the BBC then decided to cut its losses and close down the two satellite channels, it must still pay its annual £24 million leasing fee until 1993.

Michael Pilsworth

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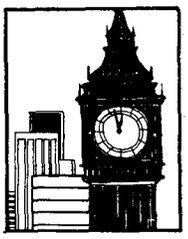

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

After 100 years, it's time for Labour to bury Marx

THE SUBTLETY of Jak's cartoons in the London *Standard* must be seen to be disbelieved. Last Monday he provided a vintage offering. He was, if I have interpreted his complex mind correctly, making a political comment about the GLC's policy of declaring London a nuclear-free zone. In his cartoon the following clues are offered as to the kind of city a 'nuclear-free' London would be like: a soldier wearing a Red Army uniform stands guard at a city gate; a large notice points the way to 'the tower of Lenin', 'Post Office Trotsky', 'New Lubyanka Gum Store', 'Kremlin County Hall' and 'Karl Marx Avenue'.

Got it? Just in case you haven't, the two roads visible in the drawing are marked 'Stalin Road, E.C.1' and 'Engels Gardens'. A local chippie is offering 'fish 'n' borstch' (sic), next door to a pub called 'The Siberia'.

Jak's cartoon is, of course, a cheap and squalid smear on Ken Livingstone and his colleagues. It is also humourless and heavy-handed, so it is tempting to hope that it will have no impact. On its own it may not; but it cannot be separated from the less extreme clichés used by the tabloid press to portray the Labour Left. Scarcely a week goes by without a front-page *Standard* headline about 'Red Ken', or about 'Red Ted' Knight. Nor have Peter Tatchell or Tony Benn or Arthur Scargill received an obviously fair press. Seldom have tabloid papers gone as far as Jak in depicting them as communists or communist stooges; but neither has Fleet Street exerted itself to destroy such a myth.

This month's commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Karl Marx's death is bound to be used to reinforce that myth. The papers will not describe Benn or Livingstone or the others as Marxists; they will not need to. Photographs showing Labour celebrities at centenary gatherings; quotes about 'the labour movement's debt to Marx' – these will be enough. As long as the papers avoid adding that no Labour politician of any consequence has any sympathy with the brutality and authoritarianism of the Eastern European dictatorships, the myth will survive.

Yet, if the press bears 90, or 99, or even 99.9 per cent of the blame for perpetuating the myth that inside every prominent left-winger is a commissar waiting to get out, a smidgeon – perhaps rather more than a smidgeon – of blame attaches to the Left. Its leading members talk often and airily of Labour's debt to marxist thought, without either quantifying the debt or defining the thought. By leaving both blurred, your typical left-winger avoids both intellectual effort and potential local party conflict. But the same blurring helps the right-wing press maliciously to distort his or her political values.

AS WE BRACE ourselves for the centenary, then, here is an heritical proposal. Labour should junk all the nonsense about debts to Marx. The party today owes him nothing. His heritage is worthless.

Before I proceed further down this perilous road, let me make it clear what I am *not* saying. Nobody can claim that everything Marx wrote was wrong, or that nothing he said was useful. Yet to claim that Marx was sometimes right and occasionally relevant is to claim little: the same could be said of many other people. Nor is it enough to claim that Marx had telling points to make about the iniquities of capitalism and the significance of class conflict. The iniquities and the conflict predated *Das Kapital* by some decades; historically the early growth of Britain's labour movement had little or nothing to do with Marx. Least of all can Marx be revered by reference to those terrible countries that call themselves marxist.

For Marx to deserve a special place in the ideology of a modern, libertarian socialist party in an industrialised country in the 1980s, a more particular claim must be made: that Marx's own fundamental concept of socialism remains desirable and possible to achieve.

In a new book, *The Economics of Feasible Socialism*,[1] Professor Alec Nove of Glasgow University argues powerfully, wittily and, to my mind, wholly convincingly, that Marx's idea of socialism is absurd and always has been. Nove himself is a socialist – more left-wing than most in the Labour Party – and one of Britain's foremost experts on the economies of Eastern Europe. He argues that the authoritarian character of communist countries and the inefficient nature of their economies, far from violating the principles of marxist thinking, actually flow from them. Specifically, Nove argues that any attempt to apply Marx's labour theory of value, and systematically to dismantle the mechanisms of the market, leads inexorably to inefficient centralised planning, and to corrupt centralised power: such fates cannot be avoided.

One standard marxist response to this point is to acknowledge that the market has a role to play during the transition to socialism – a transition that may take longer than some 'purists' envisage. Thus Trotsky (quoted by Nove) in 1922:

> It is necessary for each state-owned factory, with its technical director, to be subject not only to control from the top . . . but also from below, by the market, *which will remain the regulator of the state economy for a long time to come*. (emphasis added)

Today the role of the market during the transition to socialism is scarcely questioned by any significant part of the Left. It tends, however, to be regarded as a necessary evil to be endured on the way to real, grown-up socialism, rather like puberty or acne. For the time being, it is conceded, the market will decide what people want, and how much they are prepared to pay for each good or service. Money, prices, uncertainties and inequalities will persist. It is indeed regrettable, comrade, but after the revolution . . .

Some marxists go further and admit that there is a gaping hole in marxist theory, which offers no clear picture of the kind of socialist non-market economy to be devised. (The distinguished marxist historian Eric Hobsbawm makes this point candidly in the current issue of *Marxism Today*.) I believe the real problem, however, lies at a moral rather than an intellectual level. 'From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs' wrote Marx in 1875.[2] That ambition continues to exert a powerful hold; it envisages a world of human enlightenment that leaves no room for supply and demand, and market forces.

Nove argues for a market-socialism, not as a regrettable interim necessity, but as a medium-to-long term positive objective. He envisages five types of economic organisation: centralised state enterprises (to supply services such as electricity that can only be planned sensibly at a national level); 'socialised' enterprises (replacing most present private companies, operating with some autonomy from the state and responsible to their employees); co-operatives (for smallish local enterprises); small-scale private enterprise 'subject to clearly defined limits'; and self-employed individuals (writers, plumbers, etc).

For further discussion of these ideas I can only refer readers to Nove's remarkable and eminently readable book. (He is much funnier than Jak, for one thing.) Indeed it ought to be read by all Labour politicians and activists who still speak of Marx with vague reverence. Then, perhaps, they would use this anniversary month not to praise Marx's memory but finally to exorcise it. □

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1. Published by Allen & Unwin, £12.95 hardback, £5.95 paperback.

2. Actually, Marx nicked the phrase from a group of anarchists, including Bakunin, in the 1870 Paris commune; but that is another kettle of ideological fish.

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Marxism's third life

On the centenary of Karl Marx's death, Maxine Molyneux and Fred Halliday look at the development of his ideas in the Third World

AT A TIME when it has become common in the West to question the relevance of marxism to advanced capitalism, and to suggest that as a theory it is in 'crisis' and requires substantial revision, more orthodox versions of marxist theory and politics seem to retain an appeal in the Third World. Since the end of World War II, nearly 20 countries have acquired governments professing adherence to marxist ideas, and within the past decade alone over ten states have gone through processes of social upheaval that have brought regimes of a marxist orientation to power. As a force in world history, marxism's success in the Third World contrasts with its more chequered fate in the developed countries.

As is often said, this was the reverse of what Marx himself predicted. He believed that socialism stood a better chance in the developed countries. For all his insights on Ireland, 'Asiatic Society' and the Russian *mir*, Marx did not address himself to the issues raised by what are today called the countries of the South, 'developing countries' or the 'third world'. While he saw and condemned the great power domination of European states, he wrote before the zenith of imperialism and so did not devote much attention to that phenomenon. Much of what he did write about the Third World in fact stressed the progressive character of capitalist development in expanding the productive forces and shaking the pre-capitalist worlds of Asia and Africa out of their slumbers.

Yet the spread of marxist-inspired regimes in the Third World is more than just a fluke of history. For marxism, as theory and as practice, contains elements that have proved of considerable relevance to the Third World in the epochal struggles of the twentieth century. Its emphasis on material causation, on class conflict as the motor force of history, and its comprehensive theory of society have provided the intellectual underpinnings to a powerful moral philosophy advocating social justice, equality, and freedom from exploitation. In the harsh conditions of the impoverished continents of Asia, Africa and Latin America it is not difficult to understand the attractions of such ideas.

But equally important is the fact that marxism provides a theory of the tensions and conflicts generated by *capitalist* development, and a radical critique of capitalism as an economic and social system. The rapid incorporation of the poorer areas of the world into this system has been achieved

'No exploitation, no forced labour . . .' Post-colonial mother and child in Mozambique, from FRELIMO publicity poster

at a terrible cost and accompanied by levels of human suffering far greater than those seen in Europe, North America and Japan during their processes of industrialisation. There are up to 800 million people in the Third World existing below minimum nutrition levels, with massive unemployment, while the infant mortality rate in Asia and Africa is at the level it was in Europe in 1570. It is therefore hardly surprising that anti-capitalist sentiments are more easily aroused in these countries than in those where the longer term material benefits of the system have softened the impact of inequality and where class power is more subtly disguised.

Thirdly, the forms of political practice advocated by marxist and communist parties have been more successful in bringing about social revolution in the Third World than in the first. This is not just because of the 'objective conditions' which prevailed in the former, but because to some extent these were matched with forms of political practice appropriate to them. Most typical of a 'marxist' conception of politics is one aimed at bringing about revolutionary rather than incremental change. Together, the combined agencies of vanguard party and mass mobilisation attempt to overthrow the ruling interests represented in the state, and to abolish capitalist social relations. Such a conception draws inspiration from the success of the Bolsheviks in 1917: despite the adoption of more pragmatic models of political behaviour by communist parties at various times for reasons to do with the strategic considerations of the USSR, this has remained the model most identified with genuine revolutionary politics. Such a politics, conceived in the context of an unevenly developed society such as Russia on the eve of revolution, with no stable democratic traditions or institutions, was easily transposed to the Third World where weak states and economies, corrupt politicians, extreme inequalities and social deprivation, offered little in the way of a moral, intellectual, or, ultimately, military defence of the capitalist system.

THE HISTORY of marxism's relation to the Third World has had two dimensions – the response of metropolitan marxists to the Third World, and the development of marxism itself in the countries of the south. Marx and Engels focused more on analytical than political issues, but by the first decade of this century the 'colonial question' had acquired a prominent place in marxist debate both within the Comintern and outside it.

Theorists, such as Lenin, Luxemburg, and Hilferding, sought to analyse imperialism in order to understand better the continued strength of capitalism and the new weaknesses to which imperialism exposed it. Strategic questions also played a part in this conjecture. When the Bolsheviks came to power, the poorer countries acquired a more immediate and enduring relevance, as an arena for undermining the imperialist foes of the Russian revolution. Yet despite many hopes of communist advance, the ferment following World War I produced only one ally of this kind – Outer Mongolia. But in the period of decolonisation after World War II the number of states professing adherence to marxism and to the USSR has dramatically altered the global balance of power.

Since the Second World War a central theoretical question, debated by first and third world marxists alike, has been whether the poorer countries are capable of industrialisation under capitalism. The need to sustain the ethical critique of capitalism on both a national and an international level, was embodied in the theory of imperialism. This suggested that the advanced capitalist countries made it difficult if not impossible for the Third World to industrialise, both because they needed Third World markets for their own products and because they siphoned off the Third World's wealth and resources.

For several decades after 1917 the facts seemed to confirm this view. It appeared that Marx's original belief that the Indian railways would help in transforming that

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country along Manchester's lines had been disproved. But the evidence of the past two decades suggests that, in some Third World countries at least, it has been possible for very substantial industrialisation to take place. This undermines one of the central planks of the more recent 'neo-marxist' view of the Third World – what later came to be called 'the development of underdevelopment' – and ironically restores to prominence Marx's own original belief in the transformative capacity and progressive character, economically if not socially, of capitalism in the Third World.

MARXISTS in the advanced countries have at the same time responded politically to the spread of insurrection and revolution in the Third World itself. The ferments in China, Persia and Egypt in the 1900s were a source of hope to the Russian marxists, and in the course of this century Third World struggles have been supported enthusiastically by a broad spectrum of European socialists. They have wanted to express solidarity and opposition to imperialism, they have also believed that, with revolutionary socialism blocked in the developed countries, hopes lie with the Third World.

This belief has had its dangers: it has involved an idealisation of what is taking place, and what could take place, in the poor and beleaguered states of the Third World, and it has often led to a sort of strategic naivety about the power of the Third World states to stand up to international capitalism on their own. Investing their hopes in the Third World has also led many European marxists to pay insufficient attention to political developments in their own countries. Rather than attempting to understand the tenacity and power of capitalist democracy and constructing a politics which could take this into account, many European marxist groups, inspired by the successes in the Third World, were led to believe that imitating these modes of political struggle could lead to success in their own societies – by building Yenans in the heartlands of advanced capitalism, and by adopting militaristic tactics borrowed from the guerrillas of Latin America. Yet the examples of Cuba and Vietnam have also had a different, sobering impact, reminding those living in the relatively tranquil West of the enduring ferocity of imperialism and of the need, and possibility, of collective political action to oppose it.

Marxism's introduction into the Third World has come through a variety of channels. The spread of communist parties, inspired by Russia after 1917 and then by China in the late 1940s, has affected much of the world. The greatest achievements were certainly the Chinese revolution of 1949 and the long campaign in Vietnam. But it should not be forgotten how much blood was spilt to keep communists from power in a host of other states: 300,000 killed in Indonesia, many others in Iraq, India, Chile and Malaya. Related to, but often independent of this, has been the rise of marxist thinkers in the Third World: the most influential was without doubt Mao, the success of whose campaigns and the elliptical condensation of whose writings, has given him an international status within twentieth-century marxism second only to Lenin.

Mao's contributions to revolutionary theory centre on his analysis of the role of the peasantry, his theory of guerrilla struggle, his concept of the alliance between nationalists and revolutionaries (the *differentia specifica* of Third World marxism), and his analysis of the continuing tensions in post revolutionary society. European marxists were also, for a time, inspired by the high level of popular participation and emergence of certain democratic forms in China, not found elsewhere in the communist world. The disastrous impact of his later policies and the reversal by his successors need not obscure the historical importance of his influence.

A very different contribution was made by the outstanding Latin American marxist Jose Carlos Mariategui. A founder of the Peruvian Communist Party, who died in 1930, Mariategui argued against the policy of alliance with nationalists. His was a realistic assessment of the degree to which independence had not freed Latin American society from foreign domination, but he warned against the danger that nationalist opposition to foreign domination could involve a regression, a rejection of the positive liberal ideals embodied in the culture of the dominating power.

Apart from Mao and Mariategui, there have been many others who have sought to apply marxism to the specific conditions of

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Third World societies. But the appeal of marxism has extended to many who have been in conflict with the local exemplars of Moscovite orthodoxy. In Cuba, for example, left-wing nationalists eventually came to embrace marxism, under the pressure of events, and a similar process has been evident in Africa where what has been termed 'Afrocommunism' has spread in the aftermath of the upheavals of the 1970s, to Angola, Mozambique, Ethiopia and, increasingly, to Zimbabwe.

It has been claimed that marxism's greatest triumph has been the widespread acceptance of its theory of imperialism, with the result that many who would not proclaim themselves marxist sympathisers in any other way can be heard denouncing imperialism with the passionate tones of a Lenin. But this has been a dubious advantage. All too often 'anti-imperialism' has been appropriated by forces which are not anti-capitalist at all, and which may, as Marx and Mariategui so clearly saw, represent net regressions from the achievements of capitalist development. The anti-imperialism of a Khomeiny or a King Fahd, or a Lee Kuan Yew, does not promise emancipation from capitalism, rather it brings the replacement of one capitalist rule by another and one that may be even less likely to develop the country's resources than the original 'comprador' variety.

Marxism in the Third World has therefore found itself with a conflict on two fronts – an overt one, against capitalist and imperialist domination, and a hidden one, against those who seek to appropriate revolutionary phraseology for their own purposes. Yet it has found itself constrained by a cramped political and intellectual situation which has, despite its great geographical spread, limited its achievements to date.

AT THE LEVEL of theory, despite some notable exceptions, marxism in the Third World has shown little innovation. There has been debate, but often of a ferociously sectarian kind, and the application of marxist theory to specific countries and to indigenous concerns such as tribalism, ethnicity and nationalism has been much more schematic and dogmatic than in the metropolitan countries. The denigration of liberalism, democracy, feminism and other supposedly bourgeois deviations, has affected even those who were never formed in the traditions of the communist movement, so that they, too, deny the possibility of open debate.

This is reflected in the mixed record of those states which adhere officially to marxism. On the positive side, they have eroded many of the more extreme forms of exploitation based on class, sex, race, and religion and have substantially redistributed wealth. The provision of basic educational and welfare services has shown a marked improvement over their predecessors. The power of landlords and capitalists, as well as of foreign powers, has been broken or considerably weakened. The contrast between a Cuba and a Jamaica, a Mozambique and a Zaire, a Vietnam and a Thailand, is clear.

Yet the progressive states have also faced great problems which their leaders, and their foreign admirers, have too often understated. The ravages of revolution and post-revolutionary disorder have created additional burdens on economic planners – shortage of capital, flight of specialised cadres, persistence of internal divisions, not to mention sabotage and harassment from outside. Forced by international pressures to find external support, these states have had to rely on backing from the USSR. Soviet military assistance has been vital to their survival but in economic terms Soviet aid has been deficient. Politically, it has provided a model that has compounded the tendencies towards dictatorship of these countries.

An inability to develop democratic forms of government and party is a problem for which there are few easy answers. Democracy has not enjoyed much respect in marxist political parties or programmes in the Third World. And where it has been tried, as in Chile under the Government of Popular Unity, the lessons that have been drawn have not increased that respect. There remains a link, albeit tenuous and for historical and contemporary reasons, between the hard political ideologies of revolutionaries claiming power and those who actually exercise it.

It is true that the capitalist states of the Third World, with the few exceptions of India and some Latin American and African states, have nothing to boast of here. But ultimately the success of revolutionary socialism in the Third World will rest not just on the development of new theories, nor on the historical achievements of overthrowing a pre-existing dictatorship, nor on effective redistribution of wealth. All these are necessary, but they will only constitute progress in socialist terms if the new regimes win and retain the consent of the population. That is an issue on which the already existing socialist countries have set a poor example and have provided unconvincing arguments to justify their practices. Yet, given the economic poverty of the Third World marxist states and the pressures to which they are subjected, it is important to remember one of Marx's most pertinent observations in this matter: that socialism in the less developed parts of the world depends on its fate in the more advanced countries.

There are signs that the emphases on democracy and on the potential of social forces in addition to the working class (women, blacks, urban squatters and anti-nuclear movements) that have been part of the West's 'revision' of orthodox marxism are shared by at least some of their Third World counterparts, especially those in the more developed countries of Latin America. It would give further life to Marx's predictions if the decline of marxist orthodoxy and the development of capitalist economies and forms of state turned out to be the pre-conditions for the development of socialist democracy after all. □

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ECOLOGY

An end to growth

This week the Ecology Party is holding its election conference at Malvern. Jonathon Porritt here calls for a 'green' revolution

THERE ARE CERTAINLY no great surprises about the economic policies on which the Labour Party will fight the next election. Although canny enough not to give a specific growth rate at this stage, all the rest of the reflationary package is there: 'demand stimulation', 'increased public spending' and, above all, 'reindustrialisation'.

The programme is a frustrating mixture of highly desirable social and political goals, and highly improbable means of achieving them. From the point of view of green politics, the problem is this: sustained economic growth and industrial expansion are neither possible nor desirable in the developed world. True enough, in the good old days, the trickle-down model of capital investment (raising per capita productivity and so allowing the total 'economic pie' to grow fast enough to create new jobs) worked more or less satisfactorily. But it is now clear this was largely because access to artificially cheap resources and fossil fuels allowed for enthusiastic 'pump-priming'. This Keynesian bonanza is now over: industrial societies are vulnerable as never before to their own dependence on supplies of energy and natural resources, to the impact of the new technology, and to the destruction of the global environment.

Our common wealth is disappearing down the industrial plughole. Day by day, we witness the loss of land, fertile soil, fresh air, clean water, forests, non-renewable fossil fuels and precious raw materials. Report after prestigious report has tried to shock us into awareness of just how far things have gone.

> Few threats to peace and survival of the human community are greater than those posed by the degradation of the biosphere on which human life depends. In the global context, true security cannot be achieved by a mounting build-up of weapons, only by providing basic conditions for solving non-military problems. (The Brandt Report)

The failure of *all* major parties in this country to respond to these changes is a terrible indictment of the cosy narrow-mindedness of contemporary politicians. Can they really go on believing, year after year, in the simplistic either/or rationalisa-

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tions of inflation/deflation offered up to them by their respective pet economists? And isn't there something quite inhuman about a system that denies the basic conditions of life to millions of people in order to satisfy the 'needs' of a small, relatively overprivileged minority?

The green movement sincerely hopes that the 'stagflation syndrome' of the last decade represents the beginning of the end for industrialism. The planet itself is now signalling very clearly what its limits are, and what its operating principles must be: restraint, co-operation and sustainable economies based on renewable resources.

RE-INDUSTRIALISATION (and the word itself shows just how keenly we march backwards into the future) may well deliver for some of the population, but only at the expense of others – and for some of the time, but only so long as the cheap resources last. The reassurance it seems to offer has become the basic stock in trade of perplexed politicians; 'all you need is growth' is still their siren song. But surely they see the absurdity of talking about 'consuming our way back to prosperity' while at the same time expressing concern for the Third World and for the environment? The goal of increasing affluence through mass-consumption industrialism is unrealistic, self-defeating and immoral.

One immediate consequence of this is that much of the language of today's economic debate has become redundant. Growth, productivity, GNP, expansion: these crudely quantitative concepts are quite incapable of measuring a society's *real* wealth. It's not just a question of growth v. no-growth (and the 'zero-growth' fixation of the green movement's prophets of doom has done little to elucidate this matter), it's a question of *what* is growing, by *how much*, and *for whom*.

Moreover, despite today's temporary oil-glut, signals of rising *real* costs and of the ever larger investment necessary to extract raw materials and energy from ever more degraded and inaccessible deposits, demonstrate quite clearly that, as more pressure is put on the biological and ecological systems that underpin our economy, the implications for rising prices are awesome.

Coupled with this international factor is the inflation that arises from the very complexity of our society. We face a huge tax burden just to co-ordinate and regulate this 'sophisticated' industrial society of ours, to mediate the conflicts on which it thrives, to compensate for the disruption of communities and families and to clear up the mess caused by widespread environmental degradation.

In the past, many of these social and environmental costs have been written off as 'externalities'. They have been passed onto ratepayers, taxpayers, consumers, or even on to future generations. It's our children and grandchildren who will be paying off the staggering costs of dealing with nuclear waste and decommissioning nuclear reactors. This ability to externalise costs means that GNP, as a measure of real growth, is little more than a statistical illusion.

Worse still, the Labour Party seems reluctant to challenge current thinking about productivity. Until now, the relationship between output and employment was so obvious that it was perverse to question it. Macroeconomics addressed itself to increasing the level of GNP, secure in the knowledge that employment would increase proportionately. *But this relationship no longer applies.*

In an economy where the scope for the new technology has scarcely begun to be explored, many hundreds of thousands of jobs will be lost in the process of our becoming more 'productive'. The Labour programme specifically says 'we do not believe that we face a collapse of work, or permanent technological unemployment' without any acknowledgment of the dangers of global overcapacity in many manufactured goods. And though it is true that many public services are labour-intensive, the new technology will have a particularly devastating effect on the service sector and other white-collar employment: i.e. on those specific areas to which many have looked to absorb the unemployed from other sectors of the economy.

It seems ironic that as all the other factors in the production process (energy, resources, capital, and land) become scarcer, all we seem able to do is to automate large sections of our work force into the ranks of the unemployed. You can raise the productivity of some only at the cost of others.

It must above all be realised that the link between employment and the distribution of wealth has become very tenuous. 'Because employment has hitherto been the main mechanism for distributing family income . . . economic growth is called for in order to achieve the new jobs that are needed; yet growth at the exponential rate of the prosperous post-war years is mathematically impracticable. The higher the international level of productivity, the worse will be the problem of unemployment, and the lower the standard of living for an increasing proportion of the population'. (Keith Roberts, 'Automation, Unemployment and the Distribution of Income')

New ways must therefore be found to place an income at the disposal of those who have been excluded from the formal production process. One way would be a National Income/Tax Credit Scheme, whereby all social security benefits and all tax allowances would be replaced by a single, automatic payment to *everyone*, taken either in cash or as a credit against tax liability. Only in this way will we get rid of today's appalling poverty trap.

What is more, if the overall economic pie is *not* going to go on growing (which it assuredly isn't), then we must ensure we distribute it more equitably: to complement a Minimum Income Scheme, we will certainly need to set *maximum* levels for individual ownership of resources, land and capital assets, and maximum differentials for wages and salaries in each sector of the economy. In an age when redistribution and justice have become *international* and intergenerational issues (who represents the interests of *future* generations, to ensure they get their 'fair share' of the world's finite wealth?) the approach of the Labour Party often serves as a positive barrier to redistribution. How long will it be before we listen to the likes of Rudolf Bahro with his plea to 'replace class interests with *life* interests'? The ethical, ecological and purely pragmatic arguments for redistribution (both nationally *and* internationally) are far more convincing today than any exclusively class-based analysis.

Of itself, a minimum and maximum income scheme provides no answers; it merely provides the bedrock for basic justice and material security. We must then concentrate on shifting the emphasis from the 'formal' to the 'informal' economy, from centralised to decentralised production techniques, from mass-consumption materialism to the very different needs and values of a community-based way of life. The notion of centralised efficiencies of scale must be *revalued* in the *light of the microchip's potential for human-scale development*, and the tendency of centralised economies to get bogged down in the ever larger co-ordination costs they incur.

THE KEY TO THIS is community control. More and more people are prepared to bypass our industrial society's overburdened institutions and to take back economic and social powers which hitherto they were prepared to hand over to the State and to Big Business. Even if one concedes (which we in the Green Movement emphatically don't) that one delivers the goods and services more efficiently by the concentration of economic power, be it in multinational corporations or nationalised industries, that still provides no answer to the social, environmental and individual costs inherent in the very accumulation of centralised power and wealth. Such centralisation has always led to irresponsible technological de-

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velopment, costly militarism and the unhesitating exploitation of people and planet.

It's become clear that there are already two 'sectors' in our economy: the *formal*, monetised, centrally-planned sector, based on full-time taxed employment at a fixed rate; and the *informal* sector, with the emphasis on casual and part-time work, self-employment, 'the hidden economy' and unpaid community or voluntary work.

Joseph Huber, of the Free University of Berlin, has suggested that these two forms of economic activity could develop in two possible directions. They could either become increasingly differentiated, with a small number of people (mostly men) in well-paid, highly productive jobs, paying high taxes, whilst the more or less unemployed majority lead a marginal existence with a high dependence on the state bureaucracy. Alternatively, and much more positively, he looks forward to an economy in which there is considerable mobility between both sectors, with a more balanced distribution of wealth, lower taxes and reduced dependence on state intervention. The first alternative is the logical extension of today's patriarchal, exploitative industrialism, the second, a more convivial, decentralised alternative with the emphasis on people not profits, on use value rather than exchange value, with men and women sharing the paid work as well as the household tasks, child-rearing and other social activities. In *The Great Transformation* (1944) Karl Polanyi predicted that an economy which emphasised only *market* transactions would become increasingly disjointed and dependent on ever larger income transfers just to keep it going.

ONLY A DECENTRALISED economy based on renewable resources, carefully managed to achieve sustainable development, can provide useful, satisfying work and rewarding life-styles for the peoples of all countries. But the Greens have no magic wand to wave: such an approach will provide support for *people*, but not for today's huge overheads, capital gains, unjustifiable pay differentials, technological white elephants, monstrous office and development schemes, subsidised perks, irresponsible advertising, mindless affluence, nuclear arsenals, war economies and a score more of our industrialised society's so-called 'advantages'!

In her inspiring *Politics of the Solar Age* (Anchor Press, 1981) Hazel Henderson points us in the right direction: 'With a bit of luck, the eighties could be a period of reconceptualisation and innovation, recycling, rehabilitation, the revival of small towns and small businesses and the resurgence of neighbourhood-based, local enterprise.'

Such emancipatory radicalism is all too rarely heard in this country. There used to be the occasional spasm from the Liberals, and there's always been a strong under-current within the Labour movement. For the most part, the dead hand of industrialism seems to have throttled the life out of the main parties in Britain, with vain promises of economic growth the enduring substitute for any real political imagination. □

ASBESTOSIS

Deadly fibres

James Stewart reports on evidence of risks in the home

THE DANGERS OF WORKING with asbestos are widely recognised. But what is the effect of constant, long-term exposure to low levels of asbestos in the home? This is a question which is worrying the Association of Metropolitan Authorities, as well as a great many tenants' and residents' groups.

Almost all the research into the health risks of exposure to asbestos fibres has concentrated on people working with the material in places where the number of fibres in the air can be very high. Maximum exposure levels have been set to cope with these circumstances. But, as a recent AMA survey pointed out, 'It is difficult to determine a maximum level to which persons may be safely exposed for potentially 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.'

The survey also revealed a growing pressure for councils to remove asbestos from their buildings. Some had set up special units to tackle the problem, but most were following a policy of leaving it alone if undamaged, or else of sealing it in. No guidance had been forthcoming from the government.

On the Trowbridge estate in Cardiff, a group of council tenants is surrounded by asbestos. The pre-fabricated walls of their 'Calder-type' houses contain it, but, to their minds worse than that, there is asbestos in the gas-fired heating system that blows hot air into their rooms.

Last August, Val Brown of the Trowbridge Action Group wrote to the city council for information about the asbestos in the houses. She got no reply. After she had written again in October, the council's chief executive, Harry Crippin, replied that tests had been carried out in several Calder houses and that no trace of *blue* asbestos had been found.

In November, the city technical services officer presented a report to the council in which he recognised that all types of asbestos (white, brown and blue) can cause ill health. He explained the present *occupational* limits for exposure to asbestos fibres and acknowledged that there was a debate about what the levels should be. On the question of asbestos in council houses, he said, 'It is difficult to extrapolate to home and other environments, though there is no threshold below which disease can be ruled out.' But, he added, 'There is no evidence that this is other than an occupationally related disease.'

At the end of December, Crippin wrote again to Mrs Brown to say that the environmental health officer had recommended that 'in the short term, (heating) units should be treated in accordance with advice given by the Health and Safety Commission and in the long term, all panels containing asbestos should be replaced.' But tests done independently for the South Wales Association of Tenants found that the asbestos was not in the heating-system panels, but in the flue from the boiler.

THE HSC's REFERENCE TO the present safety standard can only refer to the occupational levels. For white asbestos, the maximum is two fibres per millilitre of air *over a four hour period*. (In Britain, the level for blue asbestos is a tenth of this – although, in other countries, no distinction is made between the dangers of different types.)

In 1976, the US National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health recommended a maximum level of 0.1 fibres of *all* types of asbestos per millilitre, over an eight hour period, but stressed that this could not be described as a 'safe' level. Dr John Finklea of the NIOS&H said: 'Evaluation of all available human data provides no evidence for a threshold or "safe" level of asbestos exposure . . . only a ban can ensure against carcinogenic effects of asbestos.' His view was repeated by an EEC report in 1977.

Research has shown that even short exposure to asbestos can cause asbestosis, lung cancer or mesothelioma up to 20 years later. And common testing methods are unsuitable for measuring low fibre levels.

In his last letter to the Trowbridge tenants, Crippin told them: 'The council believes this material should be dealt with cautiously but without over-reaction . . . It may reassure you to be told there is no evidence whatsoever that asbestosis is a risk at home where asbestos materials are being used in the normal way.' The tenants were not reassured, partly because Crippin went on to quote from the HSC circular about warm air heaters. 'The existence of a risk to health can neither be confirmed nor denied,' it said.

Crippin told Mrs Brown that the council would be following the HSC's advice to use special vacuum cleaners to remove dust, to replace insulation boards containing asbestos, and to seal the panels were replacement impracticable. But Mrs Brown, who has lived in her house since it was built in 1965, is far from happy and is trying to get a transfer.

The General Municipal and Boilermakers union is drawing up a paper on the whole question of councils and asbestos. And the AMA is hoping that a new medical inquiry, under the chairmanship of Sir Richard Doll, professor of medicine at Oxford, will examine the effects of low level exposure in the home.

Bob Dumbleton of the South Wales Association of Tenants said: 'While the bureaucrats are taking fright over what could be a very expensive problem, council tenants – like the workers – are going to be the last to know anything. We've had the high-rise horrors and the planning nightmares – is this another disaster for council tenants?' □

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A MESSAGE FROM THE GLC AND CONCERNED LONDON BOROUGHS.

Why London is making a fuss about this year's rate increases.

Many London ratepayers are faced with a substantial rate increase. The fact is that we refuse to cut London's vital services – and these services cost money. The Government then penalises us by reducing financial aid and imposing an increasingly complex combination of restrictions, clawbacks, penalties and spending targets.

The two biggest local authorities in London – the GLC and the ILEA – now get no rate support grant at all. And that means that London ratepayers have to pay a larger share of the services they need than anyone else in the country.

We don't see why London should pay the price. That is why the GLC and many of the London boroughs concerned have combined to present the facts to the general public.

You can build it but you can't staff it.

Local government spending falls under two headings: capital and revenue. The first is the cost of building something, the second is broadly a Council's running costs – everything from the cost of gas, electricity, telephones and even the interest charges that arise from borrowing the money in the first place.

The government has been making a great deal of noise about persuading Councils to increase their capital spending. At the same time it is cutting down its contribution to revenue spending. Which means that we may be given permission to borrow money to build a day centre, a swimming pool or an adventure playground, but we are penalised if we spend the money to bring it into use.

Why we won't cut London's services.

It's easy for local Councils to meet government spending targets! We just sweep the streets less often. Or increase the price of meals-on-wheels. Or scrap school meals (one borough is already discussing doing just that).

The government wants to curb local authority spending. And, after every effort to cut out waste and improve efficiency, this can only be done by cutting your Council's services.

It's easily done if you have no feeling for the needs of Londoners. We could close old people's homes, day nurseries, libraries, swimming pools and the rest. We could clean the streets less often or stop improving Council estates. We could triple the cost of meals on wheels or take away schoolchildren's milk. We could spend less money on the fire brigade or schemes like the Thames Flood Barrier. Some boroughs may take this path but the boroughs supporting this advertisement won't and neither will the GLC and the ILEA. Because you elected us to maintain these services, not to destroy them. Because London needs more support from Government, not less.

The Issue – and what you can do about it.

Your rates are probably going up. They are going up by more than we would like. The first reason is that we refuse to cut services. The second is that the government then withdraws financial aid from London.

THE GLC and the boroughs supporting this campaign are determined to protect the services which the poor, the sick, the unemployed, the handicapped and the old desperately need. We are supplying services on which millions of people depend. We were elected to defend those services.

If you are angered by your rate rises and concerned at the growing unfairness of Government policy towards London, we suggest that you write to your MP and make your voice heard. You can get the address from your local town hall.

Local government in London is making a fuss on your behalf. We invite you to join us.

GLC

Working for London

Issued by the GLC and concerned London boroughs.

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POLLUTION

Suffer the children

Rick Rogers on new 'lead in petrol' findings

'WE DO NOT NEED any further research to resolve the policy issues. No good can come from keeping lead in petrol and harm may result.' It was no surprise when Professor Michael Rutter decided last week, to come out for a ban on leaded petrol. Nor was it when Dr Richard Lansdown – principal psychologist at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children and head of the UK's most substantial lead research study to date – decided to do the same.

Both had been seeking a suitable public opportunity to unload the albatross of their membership of the Lawther Committee's 1980 report *Lead and Health,* which effectively exonerated leaded fuel. Both have used the results of a major study of lead effects on the IQ of 2,663 London children to do it.

This London study was a follow-up to a 1981 pilot study on 166 Greenwich children carried out by Lansdown himself, with Dr William Yule. That had revealed a seven-point IQ deficit in children with a mean blood lead level of 13.5ug/dl (microgrammes of lead per decilitre of blood) – officially a 'low' level of lead. The government's action level is 25ug/dl and was, until last year, the same as the EEC's safety level of 35ug/dl. Most urban children have lead levels ranging from 10 to 30ug/dl.

In all, seven studies from America and West Germany now show a consistent pattern of a child's IQ decreasing as the amount of lead in the body increases – and that at low, or ordinary levels of lead. The effect remains even after correction for 'social factors' (the social conditions of children also affect the amount of lead that they acquire).

The as yet unpublished London study was set up mainly to replicate these foreign studies, particularly those by Needleman (1979) and Winneke (1978/'81). It has found an initial IQ difference of five points between 'high' and 'low' lead children. Across the population, that five-point drop would double the number of children labelled as mentally retarded. After correcting for social factors, the London IQ deficit was two and a half points. This, to quote Rutter, is 'remarkably similar' to the highly respected Needleman and Winneke studies, both of which were curtly dismissed in the Lawther report. He has nothing but praise for the new study – 'the most extensive and most thorough piece of research available to date'.

Rutter now says that the Lawther Committee posed the wrong questions about lead in petrol, badly miscalculating petrol's contribution to lead in the blood by ignoring its routes via food and, for children, dust. It opted for a ten per cent contribution, whereas current estimates are three to four times greater.

THE ARGUMENT HAS ALWAYS been over the major sources of lead and at what levels lead has a damaging effect. Crucially, Rutter now concludes that: 'The blood lead level of 35ug/dl does not constitute a safety limit. It could be there is such a limit at some (as yet unknown) lower level. While it would not be justified to rule out the possibility of a threshold, there is no evidence at the moment that one exists. Accordingly, prudence suggests it would be unwise to act on the assumption that blood lead levels are now at a level below such a hypothetical safety limit.' The 0.15 gl government reduction is 'an unacceptable solution' with possible health risks and no substantial benefits. In other words, ban lead from petrol.

Indeed, current West German research charts 'lead dependent changes down to a lead level of 7ug/dl', with other research finding them even lower at 5. Also, in the last year, a joint European study carried out in Italy found the minimum contribution to be a quarter for adults, a third for children, and up to 50 per cent for pre-school children. American research – the NHANES II study – shows that from 1976 to 1980, when petrol lead fell by 55 per cent, blood lead levels in adults dropped by 37 per cent and in children by 42.5 per cent. A Boston study by Needleman and Rabinowitz (1982) found a significant link between the sales of leaded petrol and the amount of lead found in new-born babies. They concluded that leaded petrol contributes up to 57 per cent of children's total lead intake.

Thus, both for sources and effects, the evidence is solidly behind the anti-lead campaigners, focussed on CLEAR (the Campaign for Leadfree Air), and damaging to the government. All of which the government deliberately ignores. It even ignores its own studies, such as the Birmingham survey of pre-school children, published during the Christmas holiday period, showing that 13 per cent had levels above the EEC safety limit of 35ug/dl, and a third over the government's own action level of 25ug/dl. No action has been taken – except to disband the steering group which carries out such surveys.

All of which is deeply frustrating to CLEAR director Des Wilson. He claims that 'the battle for leadfree petrol has been won', both on the evidence and within the scientific community. It is just the 'sheer unadulterated obstinacy of the government that prevents change. CLEAR, set up in January last year, was originally seen as an 18-month race to turn the government's May 1981 decision, to reduce the lead content in petrol to 0.15g/l (grammes per litre) by the end of 1985, into a timetabled commitment to lead-free petrol. Having adapted their refineries to lower leaded petrol, the oil companies would baulk at the expense of going lead free soon after.

But with CLEAR's 'phasing-out' package of 0.15gl leaded petrol for existing cars only, and all new cars to run on leadfree fuel, there is a wider window of opportunity for the government to change its mind.

The next 12 months will mark a change in tactics. Wilson says: 'We are now fighting a war against the most appalling cynicism by ministers and civil servants.' One plan is to 'pillory' Giles Shaw as the country's 'leading pollutant'. Come the general election – with leadfree pledges on varying timescales from Labour, Liberal and SDP – there may well be major CLEAR campaigns in Shaw's Pudsey constituency to prevent his re-election. The same could happen to Environment Secretary Tom King.

But it is the next two months which could be the most critical. Next week, Wilson has a major investigative book out on *The Lead Scandal* (Heinemann). The proceedings are now available of last May's lead symposium organised by CLEAR – important because it brought together the world's leading experts and their research data. In April, there will be a national 'three-day drive on

Effect of lead on children's IQ

Study	Initial IQ deficit	After correction for social factors
Needleman	6½	4½
Winneke	7½	4½
Yule/ Lansdown	7	–
London	5	2½

Detailed IQ results from London lead study

Initial	Full scale	Verbal	Performance	Reading
Low lead children	108.7	106.6	109	45.9
Medium lead children	104.9	102.6	106.4	43.2
High lead children	103.7	101.6	104.7	38.7
After correction for social factors				
Low lead children	107.5	105.4	107.9	45
Medium	105.5	102.7	106.1	42.5
High	104.8	102.7	106	40.1

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Londoner Anthony Dove was awarded £6,074 damages against the company which installed a security gate at his home. Burglars got through it in 10 minutes but were scared off by a nanny singing Onward Christian Soldiers. – *Financial Times* (W. Pugh)

☐ A born-again Christian, Mr Clark is a former member of the Labour Party who also belonged to the Conservative Party for five years, by mistake. – *The Times* (E.A. Kirby)

☐ Findus, the frozen food people, have just unveiled the 'definitive fish finger' with a 'secret' new coating, regarded as a 'technological breakthrough'. – *Welwyn & Hatfield Review* (V. Cox)

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environmental issues' with rallies in London, Leeds and Bristol. The results of at least three new lead studies are due for release. The move to get a new leadfree directive out of the European parliament should occur in May.

But the most politically significant event will be the publication of the lead pollution report by the Royal Commission for Environment Pollution. It is due in mid-April. Once again, as with Lawther, several of the 16-member Commission are either well known for their stand against the dangers of low lead levels, or have direct links through consultancies or research work with the oil industry. One of the former is Barbara Clayton, a director of the London lead study and colleague of Richard Lansdown.

Lansdown was not planning to make any statement on the lead issue until May or June, when the London study and a related Leeds study were to be published. His decision to go public now is said to be due, in part, to the pro-lead lobby's attempt to 'hijack' the London study and, in part, to what the Commission is about to say in its report.

If Rutter and Lansdown are impressed by the evidence of the last three years, it remains to be seen how impressed the government is with Rutter and Lansdown. The difference is, the latter are honest. □

Arthur Koestler

FEW OTHER REFUGEES from the intellectual waxworks of 1930s Stalinism had Arthur Koestler's industry in constructing an alternative for the gap left by that failed God.

The Levins and the Solzhenitsyns have chanted their invocations for a spiritual resurgence to arm the West against materialist dehumanising socialism. But Koestler constructed a theology for just this purpose – a natural theology of wonderful scope to take 'the place of God [which] has been vacant in our civilisation' (*Arrow in the Blue*).

Koestler's attack on 'materialism' is what many regard as his most important achievement. He attacked it as being a 'reductionism' – the doctrine that complexes must be understood in terms of their constituent elements. He especially attacked this doctrine in biology (the theory that evolution is the result of environmental necessity acting on genetic chance) and in psychology (the theory that behaviour is produced by reflex reactions to external stimuli). But, just as conservatives have ignored marxist attacks on Stalinism, so Koestler ignored the attacks on reductionism by marxists, structuralists, linguistic philosphers and others.

It is impossible to gather from Koestler's criticisms, why reductionism has in fact been so important. It appears as an enemy which is logically absurd, a 'flat-earth science', a decaying Dracula. Thus he tells us that 'Pavlov's dog . . . has become a paradigm of existence' (*Ghost in the Machine*). For those conservatives who are sensitive about alienation, this is a more comforting idea than taking, say, a factory worker as its paradigm. Because, if its origin is in mistaken ideas, then its solution will be in correct ideas.

Koestler's proposed alternative was the Open Hierarchical Systems Theory (OHS). This holds that every complex is a 'janus-faced holon', which behaves as a *totality* in relation to lower organisational levels, and as an *element* in relation to higher levels. Every level from the sub-atomic, through social to galactic, is a holon. At all levels, change occurs through the interaction of the contrary holon tendencies of 'autonomy' and of integration with others.

It is remarkable, though, that the same ideologues who have derided dialectical materialism as a bogus science have taken seriously an author who could write that 'Newton's first law proclaims the self-assertive tendency of every speck of matter in the universe; while his Law of Gravity reflects the integrative tendency' (*Janus*). They have done so because the social content of the notion of contradiction in dialectical materialism was felt to be class-war. But the social content of OHS was the false claim that society is harmonious and organic.

OHS took the formalism of what is regarded as dialectical materialism, but defused its conceptual content and critical potential. Its complementary poles of the 'integrative tendency' and the 'assertive tendency' are in fact nothing but that famous couple from the mystic East, Ms Yin and Mr Yang. They have Americanised their names, but still retain their wholesome traditional qualities: Ms Yin is dependent, co-operative, altruistic, whilst Mr Yang is autonomous, competitive, egoistic.

In place of that 'vertical' reductionism which boils down complexes to their elements, Koestler offered a formal system whose 'holism' reduces all real differentiations 'horizontally' into pendulum swings along the axis of the Yin and the Yang. Social behaviour is nothing but the interaction of these two tendencies.

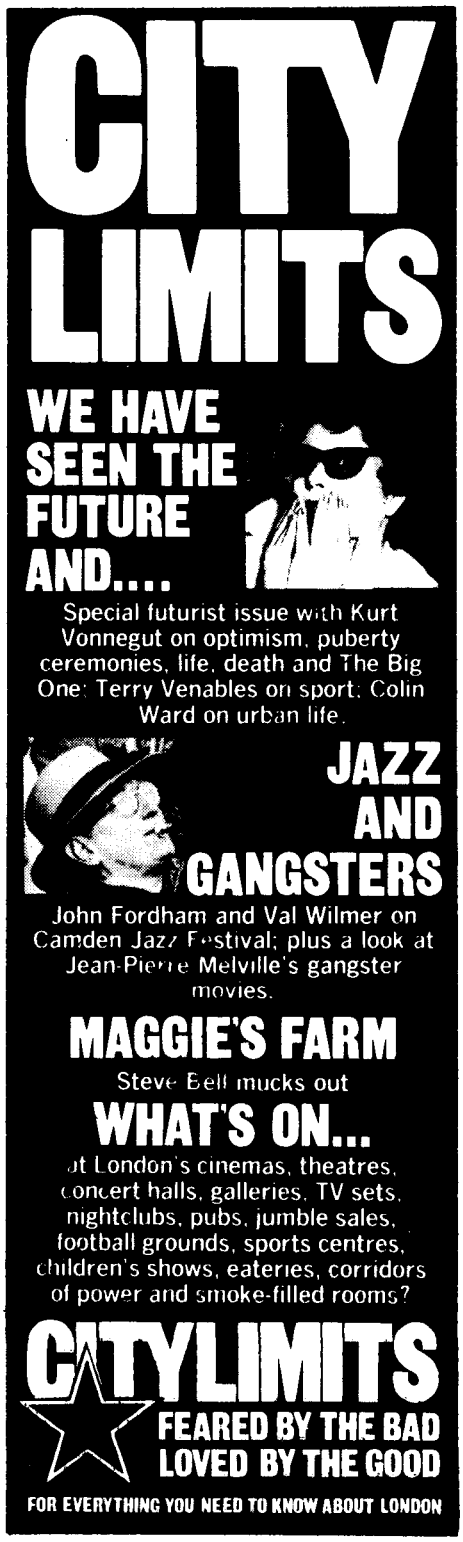
To explain why 'this or that social holon' becomes disruptive Koestler resorted to the crassest kind of biological reductionism: humanity is sick because of the conflict between the 'reptilian' and 'mammalian' parts of its brain. He did so because, if historical-social materialism is rejected, then humanity can only be regarded as the riveting-together of the animal and the spiritual.

This conceptual imperative also shows that his move towards parapsychology, Jungian mysticism and the idealist interpretation of modern physics was neither an aberration nor a coincidence. He followed the trajectory laid down by the founders of parapsychology, which passed from a distaste for materialism, through rejection of Darwinian evolution to table-tapping and a physics-based mysticism. Here, his style became that of the sermon, as anecdotes and analogies replaced argument. He was offering a spiritual cosmology: 'the concept of matter itself has been dematerialised' (sic) (*Life After Death*). By the time he came to discuss whether the substance of mind is composed of 'mindons', 'psychons' or 'psions', we seemed to have come a long way from mechanistic marxism.

But we were still certainly in a ' "closed system" . . . a universal method of thought which claims to explain all phenomena under the sun . . . a system which, once you have stepped inside its magic circle, deprives your critical faculties of any ground to stand on', which is how he described 1930s Stalinism itself in *Arrow in the Blue*.

Koestler's system is just the sort of system the bourgeoisie needs as it pursues a policy of retreating from the terrain of rationality. There will be many more Koestlers.

David Murray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DIARY

Christopher Price

To St Paul's School for Girls in Hammersmith, to educate the young ladies about Labour's plans to integrate their academy into the generality of public schooling – in the real meaning of that word. I take with me a handout from ISIS – the private schools' PR outfit – which tells me that, like Harley Street doctors, they're into the export trade, having taken £44 million in 1981 off affluent foreigners. Though I'm sure Mrs Thatcher would approve, it's not a point made to me by Mrs Heather Brigstocke, the formidable Pauline 'High Mistress', nor one which the schools seem to advertise widely in recruiting their posh domestic clientele. But if English private schooling seems a good buy for foreigners, it is regarded as an even better one by the thrusting, West London middle class, eager to purchase Oxford or Cambridge scholarships – of which less than ten per cent went to comprehensive youngsters this year. Three years of enriched Oxbridge education, substantially paid for by those unfortunate workers who never got any higher education and won't get any for their children either, can't be a bad deal. I've always been sorry that the NEC rejected my privatisation plan for the public schools – under which young gentlemen from Eton and Roedean girls would be treated as if they were, say, Malaysians, ineligible for maintenance grants and liable to the full-cost £7,000 annual fee. Though the National Union of Students condemned this proposal as an unnecessary visitation of the sins of the fathers on the children, it would have concentrated the minds of both Mummy and Daddy most wonderfully – just as the recession is already beginning to in some places. In Hampshire's lush pastures recently, my Select Committee found the local comprehensive sixth form and tertiary colleges so successful and magnetic that they're emptying convent sixth forms of girls and even attracting the odd Wykehamist.

○

Like other 'public' schools, St Paul's is a charity; and the theory of charities is that they are protected immaculate within some secure Constitutional haven. Or at least that's what the Labour Party was told when it wanted to abolish the public schools. So it must have come as a shock for the Moonies to read in the *Daily Mail* that they're for the chop. They thought they were as safe as houses – or at least as safe as Eton. But that's not Tory thinking. To them, not even charities, are sacred. They've decided to destroy the charitable Housing Associations in an attempt to get a few cheap 'house purchase' votes at the next election. I'm glad I persuaded Mr Fitzgerald, the outgoing chairman of the Commissioners, to stand firm against the government and refuse to ban the Moonies. Once a government agency divides religions into goodies and baddies, we're back to a neo-fascist version of the latter-day Roman Empire. Jesus, certainly, wouldn't qualify for tax relief. So I'll go on supporting the Moonies, till Eton goes down the drain with them; and I hope Denis Peach, the new Chairman of Commissioners maintains similar solidarity.

○

With the Elgin Marbles back on the Commons agenda, I'm accused by Michael White in the *Guardian* of uncharitable behaviour towards the 7th Earl of Elgin, on the grounds that he saved the precious sculptures from some military predecessor of General Evren; in fact, he was deep in collusion with the Turks, and only wanted the marbles to decorate his grandiose Scottish mansion. He had to sell them to a reluctant House of Commons to get out of debt, when his rich wife pushed off and left him penniless. The truth is that (apart from that 'untoward event', the Battle of Navarino) the British have consistently sided with the Turks against the Greeks in every re-run of the Trojan war in the past 200 years. It's a primary, Foreign Office axiom. That is why the British Council is sponsoring a visit of safe Turkish academics to Britain to 'explain' the situation, just as dozens of their far more distinguished colleagues are being put on trial simply for expressing their opinions – particularly on the subject of

peace. After massive international pressure and ten months in custody, the 23 distinguished members of the executive of the Turkish Peace Association are now out on bail. But they each face 30-year sentences, if convicted by the military court. It is a pity that the British media is so obliging to both NATO and Mrs Thatcher in their silence on fascist repression in Turkey. But 'twas ever thus.

○

For those in a truly Byronic mood, I can recommend *The Free Besieged* at the Round House in Camden next Thursday and Friday. It's the story of the siege of Missolonghi, told by Greece's greatest poet, Dionysios Solomos, who lived through the War of Independence, and set to music by the young Greek composer Yannis Markopoulos. Part of the Camden Festival and modestly subsidised by the Greek government, it's a reminder that Melina Mercouri's cultural initiatives are not narrowly confined to getting her Marbles back; we can learn other important lessons from them about the difference between freedom and autocracy.

○

It's hard to promote socialism in a recession, as the German SPD has found. No one feels like reaching for the stars, when they're clinging on to their job. For all the escalating unemployment and nuclear dangers, the politics of fear reigns supreme. It's not even necessary for the Right to worry about the votes of the unemployed; it was those of the cowed and frightened *workers* that gave Kohl his victory last week. The lesson for Labour from Germany comes from the modest success of the Greens; they began to break through that curtain of political complacency on which the Right relies. If Labour in Britain could graft on to its traditional egalitarian appeal that passionate belief among the young that the natural environment should be treated with greater reverence, we might begin to put together a winning coalition. Labour's environmental policies are all there, but they're not being put across credibly.

ROGER WODDIS

The Falklands Factory

Granada TV's World In Action *reported that some of the arms used against British forces in the Falklands war were made by a firm in Grantham, Mrs Thatcher's home town.*

Only a sentimentalist,
Or one opposed to trade,
Will bare his head to mourn the dead
Or rue the price they paid;
But others, being down to earth
And knowing what a war is worth,
Will wipe their eyes and shake with mirth
To see the pile they've made.

No one with a business sense
Who drapes his bird with minks
Will lose much sleep in counting sheep
Or care what Tommy thinks.
If we don't sell, then others will,
And louder than the shells that kill,
The sound of music in the till
Is heard in Grantham, Lincs.

Our Lady claims she has a case,
But truth is not her bag,
Though she may rise with tear-filled eyes
Before the nation's flag.
While quest for profit calls the shots,
The cost-effective corpse that rots
In one of countless hallowed plots
Will sanctify the swag.

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FOREIGN NEWS: BOMBAY

Fruits of the loom

Zareer Masani explains the political importance of the long-running Bombay textile strike

BOMBAY'S MARATHON textile strike, now in its second year, is particularly remarkable in a country where trade unions cannot afford strike pay and depend on the meagre donations of other workers. For the 250,000 workers who went on strike in January 1982, the personal cost has been phenomenal – loss of earnings estimated at between £500 and £1,000 per worker, a massive rise in indebtedness to moneylenders (at interest rates as high as 80 per cent per month), and the sale of the few valuables they owned. Yet the spirit of the 200,000 who remain on strike is summed up by a worker who says: 'You know the story of the monkey caught in a flood with its young one? As the waters rose, she held the child above her head. When the water came to her nose, she stood on her child.'

Such grim determination is the culmination of a long tradition of trade union militancy in Bombay's textile industry. A century ago, Bombay mill owners led the campaign for *Swadeshi*, or indigenous production, which was so dear to the nationalist movement; and the profitability of Indian textiles has remained at the core of the subsequent growth of allied processing and engineering industries. Since the 1920s, Bombay textile workers, then organised in Communist-led unions, have been in the vanguard of India's trade union movement, waging a series of drawn-out strikes over the last half century. Even so, they remain the worst paid factory workers in the country, especially compared with those employed in the engineering firms spawned by the profits of the textile mills.

The cause of this anomaly has been a government-management alliance to deny recognition to representative unions through the notorious Bombay Industrial Relations Act (BIR), rushed through by the pro-mill owner Congress soon after independence and modelled on the repressive labour legislation of the Raj. Under the Act, which applies to textiles and some other key industries, only one union is legally recognised for the whole industry, and recognition depends on government verification and approval of membership claims. For the last 35 years, this has meant a monopoly for the Rashtriya Mill Mazdur Sangh (RMMS), the Congress Party's textile union, which has worked in tandem with millowners and Congress politicians, maintaining its spurious membership claims through the manipulation of receipts and its control of promotion and perks.

Since the Act also imposes compulsory arbitration, it effectively outlaws strikes, except by unofficial unions who thereby automatically disqualify themselves from future recognition. Since Mrs Gandhi's return to power in 1980, this state legislation has been supplemented by central laws such as the Essential Services Maintenance Act and the National Security Act, which empower government to declare any strike illegal and to arrest trade unionists and hold them under preventive detention.

The present strike, which began as a dispute about wages, bonuses and allowances, quickly adopted as its major demand the scrapping of the BIR Act and independent verification of union membership by secret ballot. The political implications of this demand explain both the tenacity of the strikers and the intransigence of government and management. The strike is now estimated to have cost £754 million in lost production and indirect losses of £406 million. During previous unofficial strikes, management compromised by conceding some economic demands while smashing the independent unions involved and maintaining the unrepresentative official structure. This time, the workers' choice of leader makes this impossible.

DR DATTA SAMANT, whose leadership of the strike remains unchallenged, has long been the *bête noir* of Bombay businessmen and bureaucrats. A short, tubby ex-medic, Samant is a political maverick whose charisma comes from his reputation for tenacity and, compared with India's other middle-class labour leaders, his common touch. While business circles and the media characterise him as a violent and unscrupulous mobster, the Bombay working class adores him as a local Lech Walesa, as much at home at the negotiating table as in street brawls with the police and management thugs.

Samant himself disclaims any credit for calling the strike and asserts that it was the textile workers who invited him in to lead them, drawn by his victories in other indiustries. 'We as trade unionists never imagined the workers' determination and staying power,' admits Somnath Dubey, leader of a rival Socialist union. 'Samant didn't have to do any organising. All the work was done for him by local workers' committees.'

Samant's contribution has been his mastery of the tactics of drawn-out strike action. By urging strikers, many of whom are migrant labourers from rural areas, to return to their villages and sit out the strike, he has turned a traditional weakness of the Bombay working class, its semi-rural character, into a source of strength, carrying the political battle into the countryside and raising donations of grain from sympathetic farmers.

Ironically, Samant's formidable reputation has also worked to stiffen the resistance of the other side. A victory for the strike is now seen as handing Bombay industry over to Samant and an irreversible blow to Congress-style controlled trade unionism all over the country. 'The Government and the millowners realise that they have to concede the economic demands of the strike,' says Somnath Dubey, 'but they don't want the credit to go to Samant. They want to retain the credibility of the RMMS, which is the only significant Congress union in the state.'

A victory for Samant would also undermine other established unions, including those of the left-wing opposition. While they have no option but to support the strike, given its popularity, Communist and Socialist trade unionists complain that Samant's style of leadership is politically opportunist (he was in Mrs Gandhi's Congress Party till 1980) and ignores consultation with other unions.

A major consideration in the government's response has been the fact that its national labour strategy, dictated by the International Monetary Fund's conditions for its huge loan last year, rules out overt concessions to strike action. All pickets and gate meetings in the mill areas are banned, and about 500 activists were arrested under preventive detention on the eve of the strike's first anniversary on 18 January. The millowners, too have announced that they would rather shut down their Bombay mills and move elsewhere than give in to the strike.

Such threats are dismissed by trade unionists, including Samant's critics. The millowners, they believe, will never relinquish the urban advantages of Bombay, not least its access to a thriving blackmarket economy into which their profits have long been siphoned. Nor could any government in Bombay face the social consequences of the massive unemployment that relocation would create.

The main hope of a break in the present stalemate lies in the Congress Party's dwindling electoral fortunes and internal squabbling. Its recent election debacle in two

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southern states is seen as a warning, especially as many of the Bombay strikers are migrants from the rural hinterland and from other states – an estimated 20,000 from the state of Andhra alone. Bombay itself is due to have municipal elections next April, when the Congress, it is generally expected, will be routed. 'The Congress cannot win an election in Maharashtra (the state of which Bombay is the capital) while they face the wrath of the textile workers,' Samant warned at a massive rally on the anniversary of the strike. There are many within the local Congress establishment who take this threat seriously. One of the first decisions of the new Chief Minister of Maharashtra state has been to reverse his predecessor's boycott of Samant and initiate talks with him to try and find a settlement. □

WEST GERMANY

No going back

Günter Minnerup questions the extent of Helmut Kohl's election victory

CHANCELLOR HELMUT Kohl at once hailed his 49 per cent share of the vote in last Sunday's West German general election as 'an impressive show of confidence'. Certainly, with only 38.3 per cent, the Social Democrats have suffered their worst general election result for 22 years.

Kohl has indeed good cause to celebrate. Paradoxically, his worst fear was that his CDU-CSU alliance might get an absolute parliamentary majority. For this would have made it inevitable that the Bavarian CSU's forceful far-right leader, Franz-Josef Strauss, would be his Deputy Chancellor and Foreign Secretary. (The Bavarian premier once boasted that 'I don't care who serves as Chancellor under me'.) Kohl was saved from this nightmare by the surprising good showing of his coalition partners, the liberal Free Democrats, whom many observers had expected to fall at the 'five per cent hurdle' necessary for representation in the *Bundestag* under Germany's system of proportional representation. The present coalition will now continue in office with a majority against an opposition made up of the SPD and Greens, whose 27 seats represent exactly the losses of the SPD.

There has been no immediate wish in the losers' camp to blame the SPD candidate, Hans-Jochon Vogel, and he will now almost certainly be elected the Social Democrats' leader in parliament. The weaknesses in Vogel's campaign can indeed hardly be blamed on him personally: they were weaknesses of party policy and profile. The SPD presented a confused image to the voters on all the major issues. On unemployment and the economic crisis, it could hardly hope to shift

Camera Press

Two faces of Germany: 'good old days' Chancellor Helmut Kohl . . .

the blame onto the five month old Kohl government. On the issue of the NATO plans to deploy the new Pershing 2 nuclear missiles in West Germany, its attempt both to uphold and cautiously to distance itself from ex-Chancellor Schmidt's 'pro-deployment' line convinced no one.

In the end, the SPD lost on two fronts: an estimated 1.7 million voters to the CDU and its central election slogan of an 'Upswing for Germany', and thousands of young voters to the anti-nuclear Greens. Most worrying for the SPD was the result in the largest West German state of North Rhine-Westphalia, which includes the industrial heartland of the Ruhr. Even in this working-class stronghold, the CDU became the largest single party and the Greens, previously weak in this Land of coal mines and blast furnaces, scored a respectable 5.2 per cent.

Kohl's message was that a vote for him was a vote for a return to the good old days of Adenauer and Erhard. The voting pattern appears to confirm the impression of a return to the 1950s, for the Social Democrats' losses have been heaviest in small and medium towns and the rural catholic areas – the SPD's most important growth areas in the 1960s and 1970s.

The presence of the Greens in the new federal parliament for the first time, however, is proof that in fact history has moved on. Their elected spokesman, Rainer Trampert, pointedly refused to rejoice in their success 'because of the overall picture' and defined their future role as that of a 'parliamentary spearhead' for the expected extra-parliamentary opposition to new NATO missiles. Certainly proceedings in the *Bundestag* will not be quite the same again with members like Trampert and the charismatic Petra Kelly on its benches.

. . . and the Greens' charismatic Petra Kelly

Camera Press

But the 5.5 per cent support for the Greens represents only the tip of the iceberg: a growing radicalisation of millions of predominantly young West Germans that reaches deep into the ranks of social-democratic voters and members. Whereas in the 1950s the general drift in West German politics was to the right, with the SPD adopting the liberal Godesberg Programme and preparing to share power in the 1960s with the right-wing Christian Democrats, the trend is now in the opposite direction.

The SPD will now have to come off the fence that it sat on so uncomfortably and unconvincingly during the election campaign. It will be forced to clarify its attitude to Pershing and to stage joint campaigns with the Greens against the missiles. The signals emerging from its ranks – two-thirds of its local organisations having come out against deployment – indicate that Reagan and Thatcher may be rejoicing prematurely over Kohl's electoral victory. □

PLO

Speaking peace

Barry Cohen talks to Issam Sartawi, Palestinian advocate of dialogue with Israel

DR ISSAM SARTAWI abandoned a promising medical career to devote his life to the Palestinian struggle for national rights. For many years, he has been the leading Palestinian advocate of a dialogue with the Israeli peace movement. With veteran Israeli peace activist, Uri Avneri (see *NS* 4 March), he addressed a lively public meeting in London in February, sponsored by the 'Campaign for Israeli-Palestinian Peace, a Jewish Initiative'.

When Sartawi spoke to the *New Statesman*, the Algiers conference of the Palestine National Council (the Palestinians' government-in-exile) had just ended, leaving Sartawi disturbed by the political direction which his people had publicly chosen to follow. He himself had been tactically outmanoeuvred from presenting his views to the conference.

'Palestinian democracy has specific features which are unique to the PLO,' explained Sartawi. 'Without an appreciation of these characteristics, one can easily be confounded. I am already on record as being

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critical of some aspects of our democratic institutions.'

Sartawi believes that the Palestinian movement is 'over-anxious to maintain a consensus. This is related to our peculiar circumstances in other countries and the external influences which are affecting different segments in the Diaspora as well as the various political formations within the PLO'.

In order to make any substantial political progress, Sartawi argues, the PLO must evolve towards 'the majority concept'. As long as it remains governed by 'the operational method of consensus, it will remain the politics of paralysis'. This was reflected in the deliberate ambiguity of the final resolutions in Algiers.

Nevertheless, Sartawi insists that observers must appreciate that Palestinian deliberations were held under normal parliamentary procedures. 'Unhappily, they worked against me on this occasion by denying me the opportunity to deliver a very serious message to the Council.'

From his extensive experience of Palestinian struggles, Sartawi understands 'the bleak, pessimistic outlook' shared by many Palestinians who are confronted by further dispersals and threats of massacres. 'We are now in a very difficult period and we will find the going very complicated'.

The Palestinian movement is torn by conflicting options. 'Do we sue for peace or do we opt for war? Is there anybody to take up our peace bids? If we choose the path of war, can we truly stand up to Israel's awesome military machine which is conceded to be the fourth strongest in the world?'

In Sartawi's view, the PLO's peace gestures have generally met a sterile response. Although the Palestinians are 'doomed to resist', he is acutely aware – particularly after the battle of Beirut – that they are condemned to fight alone. Sartawi recalls with irony that the only mass demonstrations in the Middle East against the Israeli invasion of Lebanon occurred, not in the Arab states, but in Israel.

To overcome the political impasse, Sartawi advocates the creation of a new option. 'It begins with the realisation that no one wants us and no one is offering us anything. Many Palestinians are labouring under the misconception that, if we stand fast, different interests will come running to us, begging us to accept their formulations.'

The new option would be based on two simultaneous approaches. The main priority must be to obtain Western recognition of the PLO. As a corollary, the PLO must recognise the strategic role of the Israeli peace movement and its effect on Israeli public opinion.

'From my personal experience, I am strongly convinced that the West's response has been the major obstacle to the peace process. In 1979 my colleague, Sabril Jyris, and I were invited to attend a peace symposium in Washington, sponsored by the *New Outlook* group of Tel Aviv. However, the State Department categorically refused to give us visas, despite the intensive lobbying efforts of the Israeli delegates.'

Sartawi is quick to praise the struggles of the 'heroic' Israeli peace movement. 'Who can ever forget Avneri's incredible and beautiful gesture of crossing the battle-lines last July when we were abandoned by men and God in that hell-hole called Beirut.'

On the other hand, Sartawi believes that 'the PLO's gestures towards peace in the last couple of years have been amazing'. In addition to the PLO's acceptance of the Fez and Brezhnev plans, he cites the historic meeting in Tunis when Arafat received a delegation from the Israeli Council for Israeli Palestinian Peace. A joint statement emerged which called for mutual recognition between the two nations. 'This was the pinnacle of our efforts. At this point, we can go no further'.

Reconciliation and peace are processes which are not often easily visible to the Palestinian people. 'We have to create alternative options out of nothing. This is part of my dilemma, and, in part, accounts for my lonely fight for so many years. However, I do believe that this vision is being shared by a widening circle of Palestinian opinion.

'During our Tunis meeting, we actually received telegrams from the refugee camps in Lebanon supporting our move. For me, this is far more significant and positive than my ability to address the National Council'. □

DELHI

East meets East

Dilip Hiro on the Non-Aligned Summit Conference

THE SEVENTH NON-ALIGNED Summit Conference will be remembered for the readmission of Egypt into the movement, for its failure to bring about a ceasefire between Iran and Iraq and for quite extraordinarily stringent security measures. Since Jawaharlal Nehru was the father of the concept of non-alignment, it is appropriate that the summit should be in Delhi and that the movement's new chairperson should be Nehru's daughter.

Among the founders of the non-aligned movement was Gamal Abdul Nasser. Three years ago Egypt suffered the indignity of being suspended from the movement for signing a separate peace treaty with Israel. Now Egypt has been readmitted and President Hosni Mubarak brought a strong delegation with him. To stress the importance of this to the Egyptian people, the Egyptian media descended on Delhi in droves. At the last count there were 62 of them, including a few from the opposition press – the largest foreign press contingent by far. As one left-of-centre Egyptian journalist put it: 'Mubarak is trying to wash off the sins of Sadat.' More pragmatically, Mubarak proposes to use the occasion to mend his fences with other Arab leaders, including Yasser Arafat.

A formal, secret meeting between Arafat and Mubarak in Delhi is possible. A PLO spokesman told me that they would not make the overture, but that they were keeping 'all doors open'. There is, however, no ambiguity when it comes to discussing Mubarak's proposed meetings with King Hussein and Taha Mohieddin Marouf, the Iraqi vice-president. A formal meeting between Mubarak and Marouf is the culmination of the process which began with Egypt shipping Soviet-made weapons to Iraq during the days of Sadat. It is the Gulf war which has forced a rapprochement between the one-time 'super-rejectionist' Iraq and the 'capitulationist' Egypt. The Gulf war hangs over the conference like a depression – demonstrating the impotence of the movement's leaders, but at the same time providing suspense and drama to an otherwise stage-managed gathering.

The surprise landing of 150 Iraqi commandos at Delhi airport on 3 March as the advance guard for their President was taken as proof that Saddam Hussein would attend the summit – which, but for the Gulf war, would have taken place in Baghdad last September. To ensure Saddam Hussein's safety, the Indians reportedly agreed to delay the announcement of his arrival in Delhi. Yet, in the end, he did not turn up.

Three factors seem to have kept him away. Nothing could guarantee him immunity from attack in the air. He wanted an advance assurance that the next summit would be held in Baghdad – and did not get it. Most importantly, given the rising unpopularity in Iraq of the war, he was afraid of a coup against him in his absence.

Saddam Hussein's gesture was matched by the Iranian President Hojatalislam Ali Khamanei who also stayed away. Together they thus deprived Mrs Gandhi of any chance of engineering a ceasefire in the Gulf. A well-informed Indian journalist told me that she had been secretly hoping to pull off such a coup and as a result win the Nobel Peace Prize. Now, with her in the chair, the summit is likely to do nothing more than appoint a special panel to assess the Gulf war and its threat to the Gulf's security. □

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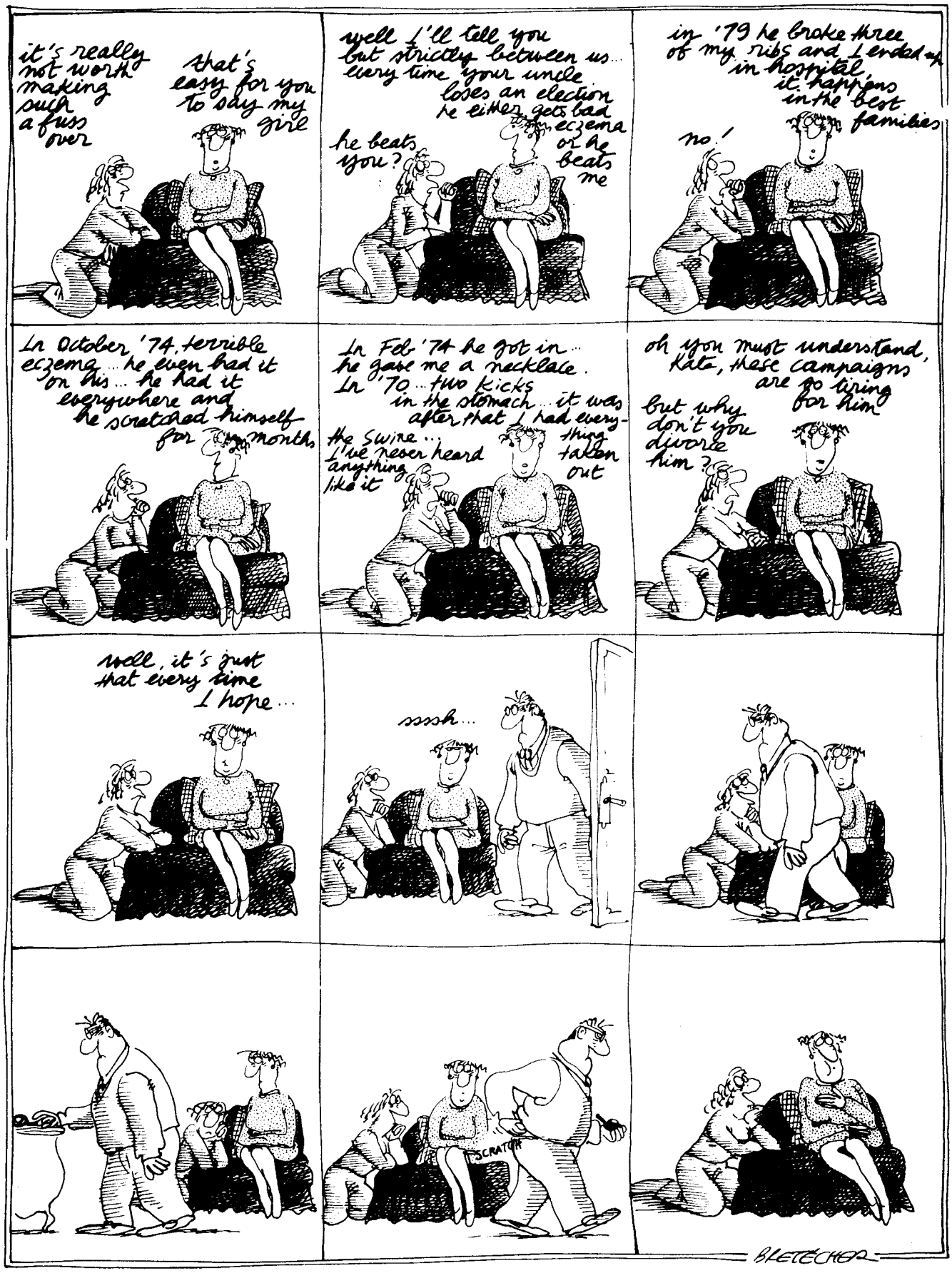
BRETECHER

BEATEN AT THE POLLS


it's really not worth making such a fuss over
that's easy for you to say my girl
well I'll tell you but strictly between us... every time your uncle loses an election he either gets bad eczema or he beats me
he beats you?
in '79 he broke three of my ribs and I ended up in hospital it happens in the best families
no!
In October '74, terrible eczema... he even had it on his... he had it everywhere and he scratched himself for months
In Feb '74 he got in... he gave me a necklace. In '70... two kicks in the stomach... it was after that I had everything taken out
the swine... I've never heard anything like it
oh you must understand, Kata, these campaigns are so tiring for him
but why don't you divorce him?
well, it's just that every time I hope...
sssh...
SCRATCH
BRETECHER

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LETTERS

Unpalatable facts

Michael McKee

In support of Mick Hamer's article on minibus schemes (*NS* 25 Feb) it should be remembered that those much vaunted examples of private enterprise, the Belfast 'taxis', are formed into two main organisations, one Protestant, the other Catholic, both under the thumb of paramilitary organisations, which cream off a substantial part of the profits.

These organisations are also engaged in substantial business as protection racketeers so that ordinary drivers involved in accidents with taxis cannot recover any money for damage caused for two reasons: 1. The presence of actual or potential intimidation discouraging insurance claims; 2. The frequent lack of any form of insurance held by taxi drivers.

As in other countries regulation has also proved impossible. Many taxis are in bad condition, even to the point of being unsafe, but the government fails to interfere due to the difficulty of actual enforcement, the fear of aggravating the paramilitaries and the fact that their main preoccupation is with security rather than corruption.

Consequently, Mr Ferdinand Mount is approving, as a valid economic objective, the large-scale exploitation of the Northern Irish population by a small group of criminal thugs. The scheme should be seen for what it is – a racket – and the perpetrators, both Provisional IRA and UDA/UVF for what they are – pure and simple, Mafia-type gangsters.

East End racism

Peter Bradley, Centre for Contemporary Studies, London N1

Amrit Wilson's account of racist violence and its victims in London's East End (*NS* 25 Feb) makes depressing reading. But in examining and indeed condemning the failure of the police to fulfil their duty to protect ethnic minorities, we should not lose sight of the second indictment implicit in Ms Wilson's reference to the education system's overall 'official indifference' to racism in schools.

It is now two years since the Centre for Contemporary Studies published a series of three reports based on its research into the activities of the National Front and British Movement among young people. One of these reports, 'Nazis in the Playground', sought in particular to expose not only the scale of racist violence in the schools, but also the almost entirely inadequate response of the education authorities both nationally and locally. Despite the very considerable press and media comment our findings attracted and despite the assurances which were made at the time by various authorities, in many schools the very real effects of racism and the very real suffering of its victims remains untackled.

If the schools lack the awareness, the sensitivity and the resolve to confront racism, can we really be surprised at what may appear to be police indifference?

A. Gabert, Headmaster, Langdon School, London E6

As Headmaster of Langdon School, named in your article 'Conspiracies to assault' (*NS* 25 Feb), I write to express my regret that someone writing for a reputable journal such as yours did not think it necessary to check some of the factual statements as well as the quoted observations and opinions contained in the article. I am not pretending that all is well. Certainly there are problems which fluctuate in their intensity. But we should not ignore the tremendous amount of good work going on to try and deal with these problems.

Langdon School prides itself that it is a multi-cultural school which sets out to ensure that its organisation, curriculum and ethos encouraged reflect this. While National Front literature has on occasion appeared, the only leaflet distributions I remember during the last 15 months were a) CND, b) Newham 8, c) Anti Vivisection, d) Save our Schools. I am about the school a lot and of course in constant contact with staff and pupils and am certainly not aware that white boys pushing and spitting on coloured girls is a normal occurrence. Neither practice is acceptable regardless of who does it to whom. Likewise fighting is not acceptable whoever is involved: it is nonsense to suggest that Asians are singled out for punishment. It is quite insulting to quote one girl witness as evidence that teachers don't care. All 120 staff care about good relations between all pupils regardless of colour or religion or sex or any other difference. I go further and say many of us care very passionately about this.

I would suggest your writer should come and see the very real multi-cultural working together in our school before writing articles which do nothing to help and probably a lot to destroy the work which so many of us are doing to bring about harmony and cooperation in this area.

Ideas man

David Caute, London W6

What I actually wrote about Irving Howe (*NS* 4 Mar) was this:

> Irving Howe is the American intellectual who most obviously should have edited the *New Statesman*. I.F. Stone was probably too radical; Murray Kempton too clever. Howe's only potential deficiency, in terms of the job's long established traditions, might have been a reluctance to jettison his socialism on leaving Great Turnstile.

Unfortunately, the last sentence was omitted.

Wards of court

Moira Gibb, London SW15

I was disappointed that one of the few articles about social work I have seen in the *New Statesman* ('Wards of Court,' *NS* 25 Feb) should be one which repeated uncritically some of the facts and completely failed to analyse the problem.

Most silly of all was the repetition of the quote from the Children's Legal Centre about wardship – 'It is a cheap way for local authorities to keep children in care . . .' No way of keeping children in care is cheap, but, as a legal process, wardship is the most expensive and most local authorities are reluctant to resort to it, even though it does eventually provide a better hearing for the child and his or her parents.

As a social worker, I should be very glad to see the power to pass a parental rights resolution transferred from the local authority to the courts. However, the idea that this transfer of power will thereby reduce the dilemma of child's versus parents' rights is too facile. We must accept that some parents, for whatever reason, cannot and do not meet their children's basic needs. Having accepted this, we must recognise that there must be some organised means of intervening in such situations. Social workers, who are most aware of the detrimental effects of being in care, are best placed to advise on this.

I am happy for social work decisions to be tested in court, but the notion that child-care matters can be dealt with solely in terms of 'rights' and 'justice' is dangerous. The law is notoriously unable to recognise or react to the speed of decision-making necessary for a growing child. Anyone who genuinely believes that the law can play a larger role in the day-to-day decision-making about children in care should read *Bleak House!*

CND's first 25 years

John Minnion, co-editor, The CND Story

Many thanks for M. H. Ryle's very positive review of *The CND Story* (*NS* 18 Feb), and for the even greater accolade of a critical letter from Nicolas Walter (*NS* 25 Feb): it is a privilege to be put in our place by Mr Walter, along with the 30,000 women at Greenham (Dec 1982) and the 250,000 people in Hyde Park (Oct 1981)!

At the risk of sparking off a 'who-has-heard-the-first-cuckoo?' type of correspondence, I would point out to Nicolas Walter that a substantial chunk of *The CND Story*'s Introduction, four pages out of 30, is devoted to the pre-1958 stirring of the nuclear disarmament movement. And, as it happens, my *New Statesman* article (18 Feb), as originally submitted, included the following key passage after the sentence 'of course, life is never that simple':

> More than a year before this, John Osborne's *Look Back In Anger* had struck a similar chord when, in passing, it referred to a 'Bishop of Bromley' who 'makes a very moving appeal to all Christians to do all they can to assist in the manufacture of the H-bomb.'
>
> A year earlier again, a woman called Gertrude Fishwick had started a local Committee for the Abolition of Nuclear Weapons Tests: by the end of 1957 there were over 100 such local groups, and in 1958 all but one became CND groups overnight. In 1954, Coventry City Council had defiantly disbanded its Civil Defence Committee. In 1952, the Peace Pledge Union's 'Operation Gandhi' had organised a small demonstration at the embryonic Aldermaston Atomic Weapons Research Establishment. And so on . . .

As with the article, so with the book, limited space imposed constraints. Even so, I really wouldn't have thought that a book that includes articles by April Carter, Andrew Papworth, Howard Clark, Pat Arrowsmith and Nigel Young is all that unrepresentative of the valuable radical and libertarian nuclear disarmament movement.

Speaking for myself, I do share Nicolas Walter's satisfaction that 'CND has learnt to follow rather than to lead the movement'. Did 'disgruntled of N1' get as far as *The CND Story*'s final sentence, where Alasdair Beal ends his postscript on the Campaign:

> Whether it wins or loses no longer depends on the efforts of a handful of dedicated campaigners: CND has become a mass movement and its future depends on us all.

A final point: in my article I saw fit to single out a few individuals by name. This is always a hazardous business; however, I was particularly sorry that the paragraph in which Dick Nettleton (General Secretary of CND, 1967-73) and Olive Gibbs (Chair of CND, 1964-67) are mentioned was cut.

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Michael Hofmann

The inner Mann

Thomas Mann: Diaries 1918-1939
tr. RICHARD & CLARA WINSTON *Deutsch* £16.95

Camera Press

Thomas Mann

Though the *entre deux guerres* period is indicated in the title, what we have here are the entries from 1918 to 1921, and 1933 to 1939. These correspond to the first four volumes of the ongoing German publication, edited by the great Mann scholar, Peter de Mendelssohn, of which the present book is a selection. The survival of the first batch of years seems to have been due to an oversight on Thomas Mann's part, but there is something appropriate about this: the political upheavals in Germany after Versailles (and Munich, where Mann lived, was particularly affected) kept the author from making too many of the personal revelations that induced him to burn other Diaries. Although Hermann Kesten argues in a short foreword that these disclosures – chiefly of his homosexuality – were important to Mann, it seems clear to me that the politics of the times, and an artist's response to them, was the only value he put on these Diaries, and on their posthumous publication. Why else begin (intentionally) keeping them on the Ides of March 1933, shortly after Hitler became Chancellor, after the Reichstag fire, and the day after the resignation of the Minister President of Bavaria? Mann's response to these developments is offered as a piece of representative virtue, the account of an artistic sacrifice, the engagement with evil on what was for the most part an extra-literary battlefield:

> At dinner discussed with Katia and Golo the possible historical role of fascism, the world's inexorable trend in that direction, the senseless sacrifice one makes – for whom, one does not know – poisoning one's own blood in trying to fight it. No more offers of help! No statements and answers! Why arouse hatred? Freedom and serenity. One ought to claim one's right to them at last.
>
> *(Nov. 13, 1937)*

In 1946 he published excerpts from his Diaries 1933-1934, cut with pieces of economic and political analysis not originally in them, as *Leiden an Deutschland*. These wounds are at the heart of the present volume, despite Kesten's argument about disclosures and revelations. Anyway, it hardly presents that sort of 'unbuttoned' image; its grey bulk weighs heavily on the reader's insides like Hans Castorp's anatomy and biology textbooks.

And yet, how differently they begin! It is of course *in medias res*. *Buddenbrooks* is going into its 100th reprinting. But Mann's latest work, the anti-democratic and chauvinistic *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*, is the subject of much later regret: 'That *I* tried, in my *Betrachtungen*, to throw my support behind Prussianism, will remain a strange misunderstanding, a paradox.' At present, he is working on two 'Idylls' – rather cute though warming performances – *'A Man and His Dog'* and *'Gesang zum Kindchen'*, a hexameter poem to his youngest daughter. ('Slept badly. The poem in the morning. Too prosaic. Fine springlike weather.') Mann's wife Katia is pregnant again, though he, the father of five children already, appears oddly unsure about this, and about whether the child should be kept. (It was.) In the background is the diarist's anonymous staple of flattery, censure, bowel-movements and heart-throbs. The ideas evinced are (surprisingly) often anti-Semitic and Francophobic, the anti-Semitism mitigated perhaps by the circumstances of the end of the War, and by the chaos in Munich, which involved many Jewish politicians. The Francophobia, though, stays with him, to the extent that he writes in 1936, 'Bergson, Sorel, Péguy are the real spiritual forerunners of fascism. It was they who distorted socialism into nationalism. What, then, is "German" about it?' There are the usual vicarious thrills when a celebrated writer encounters his contemporaries: 'She had high praise for a French novelist by the name of Proust, or something like that.' and 'L. Hardt came to tea, and read me some prose pieces by a Prague

Carolyn Forché

The visitor

In Spanish he whispers there is no time left.
It is the sound of scythes arcing in wheat,
the ache of some field song in Salvador.
The wind along the prison, cautious
as Francisco's hands on the inside, touching
the walls as he walks, it is his wife's breath
slipping into his cell each night while he
imagines his hand to be hers. It is a small
country.

There is nothing one man will not do to
another.

1979

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writer, Kafka. Certainly unusual, but otherwise somewhat tedious.' For Kafka, though, Thomas Mann was one of the few whose work he always read.

The main feature of Mann's life was its order and routine. This was especially true of the Munich years, but he was able to improvise something of the same wherever he went. The mornings were for writing and long strolls with his dogs; he napped and read in the afternoons; drank tea with visitors; filled his evenings with music or reading aloud. The *Diaries* show him guarding this order against the intrusion of family and friends and other upsets, only to disturb it himself with turbulence of his own: 'Completely reworked the lecture in the forenoon while the gardeners were busy with the garden, one of whom, young, beardless, with brown arms and open shirt, gave me quite a turn.' In view of such – purely aesthetic – interruptions, he writes with relief of reaching the haven of comparative old age; moreover, the ephebophile found American youth without attraction. There is a short but extraordinary period in which he fell in love with his own adolescent son: 'Am enraptured with Eissi, terribly handsome in his swimming trunks. Find it quite natural that I should fall in love with my son.'

Many of the entries for the 1918-1921 period have this quality of vanity punctuated by foolishness. (This, incidentally, is why I cannot accept Kesten's claim that 'it almost seems as though he were photographing his life, as though he were sketching a colossal portrait of the living Thomas Mann'. They are always more odd and more partial than that.) This is quite transformed after the resumption of 1933, which found Mann in Switzerland – a piece of good fortune that saved him from the perils of collaboration or, more likely, persecution. There are many sharp, impotent, stalled reflections on Germany. The poignant phrase, 'the usual conversation', recurs like a *leitmotiv* through the Swiss years. It is at this time, too, that he was working on his longest and remotest novel, the *Joseph* tetralogy, trying to retain his concentration and commitment through all the agonising political distractions from beyond the Rhine: 'After making these notes I tried to make some headway on the manuscript, but was virtually prevented from doing so by my disinclination.' On his visits to America, and after 1938, when he took up residence there, he represented an honourable version of Germany to the world, which, he observed, 'does not want to take instructions from a "spiteful emigré".' At times, his was a voice in the wilderness:

> The incomprehensible inability of political organs to do what is necessary at the right time, and the utterly bizarre phenomenon that they are willing to pay in the familiar currency of war a hundred times what it would cost if they had the courage to adopt less orthodox measures.
>
> *(Aug. 20, 1938)*

It should be noted, though, that these 'less orthodox measures' did not include appeasement. □

CO-OPERATIVES
Tony Eccles

Salutary story

The Lucas Plan: A New Trade Unionism in the Making?
HILARY WAINWRIGHT & DAVE ELLIOTT
Allison & Busby £7.95 & £2.95

Few worker initiatives have created such widespread interest as the plans which emerged from Lucas Aerospace in late 1970. This fascinating and readable book chronicles the mixed fortunes of the shop stewards' combine committee as it waxed, won, lost and waned in its attempts to alter the corporate behaviour of its employer. It is a salutary story, told with more balance and generosity of spirit than I had anticipated – which only heightens the poignancy of the tale.

The early omens were encouraging. Here were workers attempting to grasp the responsibility of helping to create a prosperous and reputable future for their colleagues, their company and the community. Reliance on the volatile defence industry was to be reduced by using the energies and technological skills of the firm to make benign and needed products, such as kidney machines, heat pumps and equipment for the disabled. The Lucas management seemed receptive at first, for companies are always looking for new markets.

The discovery that workers had the capacity to help to develop people's futures was evidently an uplifting experience for the combine committee and yet, even then, difficulties soon arose. The committee aimed to represent all unions at all 17 sites, which threatened the existing arrangement of the various Lucas trade unions. And when the combine committee rallied support to resist redundancies, then Lucas management became perturbed.

Yet what else could the combine do? It could scarcely seek to develop an alternative plan if it couldn't show that jobs were more secure as a result. Besides, it needed to show workers a practical benefit from its existence, for the sight of organised labour taking initiatives rather than reacting to events was not a familiar experience.

It was scarcely surprising that both management and unions began to regard the combine committee with some suspicion, though the book does go some way towards countering the view that the combine committee was in fact mounting a political challenge to the unions' existing power structure.

The committee's goal was nobler than that; its attempt to broaden the issues led to a wider constituency of support and to its own lasting reputation. The aim of social employment attracted radicals; the replacement of weapons manufacture with that of harmless products appealed to the peace movement, and the enterprise of the workers was applauded by the media and the academic world. The result was that most of the support for the combine committee's corporate plan lay outside the company, and hence outside the power-broking negotiations between management and labour.

By contrast, the problems lay inside. Staff versus manual workers; site versus site; union versus union; officials versus stewards – the forces for fission were ever present. It was a marvel that the combine committee held together as long as it did.

The strategy of the Lucas management remains partly hidden, for they declined to assist the authors. This was a pity, for it would have been useful to know what pressures led the management to behave as it did. Lucas might also have been able to give another view about the commercial potential of the alternative plan's products, since otherwise Lucas was being asked to take on a prospective social burden which would not have hampered its competitors. Socialists often use 'socially useful production' as a euphemism for products and services which users won't buy and for which voters won't vote.

The Labour movement was not a lot of help to the Lucas activists and nobody could read of the bland inadequacies of Kaufman and Huckfield without remembering the feelings of shame with which socialists recall the last Labour government. As one Lucas steward put it, 'We got every encouragement, short of actual help.' Yet it would be unfair to blame just those two industry ministers. The trouble was that the combine committee had the idea that a Labour government would be seriously interested in radical possibilities.

The Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions was not notably more resourceful though the book reserves its deepest criticisms for the actions, or rather inactions, of the TASS. Faced with the corporatist vision of most trade unions and a Labour government's inhibitions about rocking boats, does anyone seriously consider that next time will be different?

The strength of this book is that the authors – as well as the stewards – realise that if Labour is ever to scale the commanding heights of the economy, it will one day have to get its climbing gear on, rather than sulking on the plains, mouthing slogans. The story of this advance expedition is well worth reading. □

Among this week's contributors:

MICHAEL HOFMANN's first book of poems, *Nights in the Iron Hotel*, will be published by Faber later this year.

CAROLYN FORCHE's new collection, *The Country Between Us*, will be published by Cape later this month.

TONY ECCLES is the author of *Under New Management: The Story of Britain's Largest Co-operative* (Pan).

PETER DEWS is preparing a critical account of Derrida and his contemporaries to be published by New Left Books.

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LITERARY CRITICISM
Peter Dews

Running away from history

On Deconstruction: Theory and Criticism after Structuralism
JONATHAN CULLER
Routledge £16.95 & £6.95

Since the middle of the 1970s the style of critical activity known as 'deconstruction', originally inspired by the French philosopher Jacques Derrida, has gained a considerable following in this country, and has almost acquired the status of a new orthodoxy in the United States. The once exotic vocabulary of 'logocentrism', 'supplementarity' and 'dissemination' has become central to the current ferment in literary studies, the – sometimes desperate – attempt to define a new status and purpose for criticism. Jonathan Culler's earlier work on *Structuralist Poetics* aimed to introduce the elements of structuralism to an Anglo-Saxon audience still fairly sure of itself. Since then, however, structuralism has been and gone, and the collapse of critical orthodoxies has continued apace. *On Deconstruction*, presented as a sequel, a 'guide for the perplexed' in an ever-more-confused situation, attempts to lead the still-uninitiated reader through the labyrinths of Derridean theory and its North American offshoots.

The deconstructionist argument, as Culler presents it, has by now become almost familiar. Earlier forms of criticism aimed to explicate the meaning of literary works, to show that their tensions and ironies contributed to a harmonious whole, to examine how their message was determined by a system of codes, to incorporate them into some overall theory of history or the psyche. Such approaches, however, failed to reckon with the inherent trickery of texts. Language does not give us access to a self-evident meaning, since meaning is produced by differences rather than possessing a stable identity of its own. Furthermore, any systematic account of this generation of meaning must find itself swept off course by the differential play of its own text: the distinction between literature and criticism, language and meta-language, begins to break down. Once this intrinsic failure of any assault on the meaning of literature is grasped, a number of stylistic courses lie open. But whatever strategy is chosen, playful or desperately earnest, deconstruction gravitates towards what Culler calls 'a delineation of the logic of texts', an exploration of the paradoxes through which works of literature defy any determinate interpretation.

But does not this search for the self-cancelling and comprehension-thwarting mechanisms of the text clash with the common understanding of literature as concerned with the varieties and complexities of human experience? In the final pages of *On Deconstruction* Culler seems gripped by a sudden fear that the reader may dismiss deconstruction as a perversely frivolous enterprise, and he therefore sets out to refute the idea that deconstructionists treat the text as 'an entirely self-referential play of forms with no cognitive, ethical or referential value'. Deconstruction is said to celebrate in its own way the 'insights and achievements of the great writings of the past', it is able to find 'truths – albeit negative' in the 'major authors of the canon'. It is doubtful, however, whether this last-minute change of heart is sufficient to still the qualms which deconstruction arouses. For not only does this reversion to the 'great tradition' reveal a surprisingly deep conservatism beneath the rhetoric of challenge; any celebration of the richness of literature is in fact incompatible with Derrida's bleak – but at least consistent – view that it is the bare structure of iteration, a poverty rather than a 'semantic fertility', which lies behind the open-endedness of reading. Indeed, it is one of the ironies of deconstruction that while it vigorously defends the autonomy of the text against the 'reductionism' of attempts to establish a relation to history or politics, this autonomy proves to be vacuous, since the text has nothing substantive to say. In this sense deconstruction is tailor-made for a literary-critical establishment which wishes to retain its prestige and privileges despite an accelerating loss of faith in the value of what it is doing.

THIS RELATION between the success of deconstruction and the current identity-crisis of literary criticism does not, of course, render superfluous a confrontation with its theoretical assumptions. Deconstruction begins with a sense of what Culler calls 'the temporal dynamic of our interpretive situation': since there is no end to the process of re-reading and re-interpreting, any attempt to grasp the truth about literature seems undermined before it even begins. But, vertiginous as it may be, this glimpse of historicity has, in itself, no *methodological* consequences.

Most critics are conscious of the inexhaustibility of literature, and few would be foolish enough to claim ultimate validity for their judgments. Deconstruction can only draw a style and method from this situation because – in a curious way – it remains haunted by the idea of a total escape from history: to take texts apart is one way to avoid grappling with the messiness and transitoriness of meaning. By its insistence upon paradox, by its attempt to treat any form or content as factitious, deconstruction seeks to occupy a space beyond what Derrida calls 'the ultimate possibility of the decidable'. In so doing it overlooks the fact that it is this determined defence of indeterminacy, this commitment to the impossibility of commitment, which constitutes its own historical – and highly contentious – decision. □

'This is a hugely informative and entertaining book.' *David Steel, The Sunday Times*

GOTCHA!

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'Entertaining . . . well researched and thorough.' *W. F. Deedes, The Daily Telegraph*

'*Gotcha!* is full of real insight.' *Tam Dalyell, Tribune*

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MARX
John Annette

On your Marx

Marx: The First Hundred Years
ed. DAVID McLELLAN *Fontana* £3.95

As the centenary of Marx's death approaches the problem of the analysis of the influence of Marx and Marxism is one which will no doubt be raised in political debate, media commentary and discussion in the academic seminar. It is historically important to note how much the institutions of higher education have become the place for the critical interpretations of the texts of Marx and the production of Marxist analysis. Since 1968 it has become increasingly respectable to utilise forms of Marxist analysis within many academic disciplines. David McLellan, a professor of political theory, has been a major figure in this country in promoting the academic study of the life and writings of Karl Marx and the history of Marxism. The contributors to this volume, who consider the ideas of Marx and their influence on culture, history, sociology, politics, economics and philosophy, are all professors in universities. (I wonder how different history would have been if the young Marx had been able to secure a teaching post in a German university?) Karl Marx himself was not an academic or a narrow specialist in any of the areas treated in this book. As a thinker he saw the interrelationship between all aspects of the totality which constitutes human experience. It is a merit of this book, which will probably be directed to an audience of teachers and students working within specific academic disciplines, that it recognises 'the amazing breadth of Marx's interests and of his contributions to an understanding of our world'.

The book's six essays vary from comprehensive introductory survey to individual perspective. Raymond Williams, once again, has a go at examining Marx's contribution to cultural thought. Rather than attempting an historical account of the Marxist tradition of cultural thought he examines what Marx himself wrote in this area. This, of course, raises the problem of the critical interpretation of the 'texts' of Marx which is crucial to all of the essays and to Marxist thought in general. David McLellan clearly states in his introduction the problems of interpreting Marx's writings. Many of Marx's works were unfinished and many remained in manuscript form and were published only later. The appearance of the Paris Manuscripts in 1930 and the Grundrisse in the 1950s led to major interpretations and to the development of new schools of Marxist thought. Only recently, in the pages of the *Times Higher Education Supplement*, there has been a controversy about the coherence of the Paris Manuscripts. No doubt there will be many more such controversies forthcoming in Marxist scholarship as a result of the many international conferences held to mark the centenary.

In his essay on history Victor Kiernan provides a lively and somewhat provocative consideration of Marx and Engels on historical materialism and the writing of history. Examining the limits and possibilities of Marxist historical analysis, he chastises some Marxist writings for being too scholastic and academic, too detached from practical politics. It is curious, however, that in an essay on Marxist historical writing there are no references to Eric Hobsbawm, Eugene Genovese, Christopher Hill, E. P. Thompson or even to Maurice Dobb. To learn about the development of Marxist historical writing one will have to turn to the recent work of Raphael Samuel, Richard Johnson or Gregor McClellan.

The essays on sociology by Tom Bottomore, politics by David McLellan, and philosophy by Roy Edgley are all concise, perceptive introductions and surveys. The special feature of Roy Edgley's essay, probably the most original contribution in the book, is his analysis of the status of philosophy itself in the historical materialism of Marx. The essay by Ernest Mandel on economics provides a clear account of the author's recent thinking on the subject which is, as usual, pungently political.

This centenary year will no doubt greatly add to the increasing number of books, articles and Asa Briggs-type tour guides (*Marx in London*, BBC Publications) being published about Marx. The new edition of Marx-Engels writings will continue to add new insights to the interpretation of their life and thought, and Eric Hobsbawm has recently produced the first volume of an 'encyclopedic history' of Marxism which covers the period up to the death of Engels in 1895. There is already published the genealogical account by Perry Anderson and the challenging and magisterial overview by Leszek Kolakowski. We might, of course, ask ourselves to what extent any of these historical accounts are examples of Marxist historical writing. I wonder what Karl Marx, who denied actually being a Marxist, would have made of all this academic scholarship? □

Further reading

Listed below are those of the 'increasing number of books' so far received.

MARX/ENGELS **Communist Manifesto** (with woodcuts by Frans Masereel) *Lawrence & Wishart* £1.95

ALEX CALLINICOS **The Revolutionary Ideas of Marx** *Bookmarks* £3.95

ALEX CALLINICOS **Marxism and Philosophy** *Oxford* £9.50

PHILIP S. FONER (ed.) **Karl Marx Remembered: Comments at the Time of His Death (100th Anniversary Edition)** *Synthesis* $8.95, available from TABS, 24 Red Lion St., London WC 1.

JORGE LARRAIN **Marxism and Ideology** *Macmillan* £15 & £5.95

DAVID McLELLAN **Karl Marx: The Legacy** *BBC* £10.75

BETTY MATTHEWS (ed.) **Marx 100 Years On** *Lawrence & Wishart* £15 & £4.95

'Brilliant' 'Vigorous' 'Splendid'

DAVID CAUTE

UNDER THE SKIN

The Death of White Rhodesia

'A brilliant narrative account of the messy end of white rule in Rhodesia' — Colin Legum, *Observer*

'A splendid, multi-dimensional book' — David Stephen, *New Society*

'It is not likely that anyone will produce a narrative of that episode which is as full, vigorous, or readable' — Geoffrey Taylor, *Guardian*

'Brilliant ... We should be grateful to have a book as good as this one' — Terence Ranger, *New Statesman*

£14.95

ALLEN LANE

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The Playwright and the Pirate Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris: A Correspondence

ed. STANLEY WEINTRAUB *Colin Smythe* £11.50

The relationship between Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris began in 1894 when Harris – in an inspired piece of editorship – hired the (then unsuccessful) playwright as drama critic for the *Saturday Review*. A regular correspondence did not begin, though, until 1915, by which time Harris had moved to America, eventually becoming owner of *Pearson's Magazine*.

The principal effect of this volume – which contains the 121 letters between Shaw and Harris known to survive – is to provide a picture of two careers travelling in opposite directions. By 1915, Shaw was a great man of the kind Harris found irresistible; Harris himself had long been in decline: until his death in 1931, he frequently attempted, as these letters show, to trade on their old connection as a means towards reviving his fortunes. At first, Shaw was complaisant, allowing Harris to print extracts from his letters in the ailing *Pearson's* and contributing a laudatory preface to an edition of Harris's highly unreliable biography of Oscar Wilde. Later, though, he became more cautious as Harris's attempts at exploitation grew increasingly transparent. He declined to lend his name to various Harris projects, refused loans, resisted pleas to approach publishers on Harris's behalf. After much persuasion, though, Shaw did provide Harris (and his collaborator, Frank Scully) with enough biographical material to assemble *Frank Harris on Bernard Shaw*. Shaw even undertook final revision of the manuscript following Harris's death.

There is little that is entirely new or particularly remarkable in this book. Devotees will probably have encountered its more important items before – quoted or summarised – in biographies of both writers. Nevertheless, the volume does enable sufficiently interested parties to obtain the full texts now instead of having to wait for future instalments of Shaw's *Collected Letters* slowly to appear. And it does contain 'How I Discovered Frank Harris', Shaw's lovely send-up of Harris's tendency to magnify his own part in others' successes.

David Montrose

Ernest Jones: Freud's Alter Ego

VINCENT BROME *Caliban Books* £12

In those solemn group photographs of the founders of the psychoanalytic movement, Jones is the one who seems least worried by it all, even on the verge of enjoying himself. The photographs here get grimmer as time goes on; he doesn't look right somehow, or happy either, deprived of his colleagues on a family beach holiday. For Ernest Jones was Jones the Earnest, tireless promoter of the faith in England and North America, sniffer-out of Jung's heresy before Freud himself got wind of it, the movement's organisation man. Freud called him a fanatic when he first knew him. Ferenczi thought he had an omnipotence complex, product of his insistence on milk substitutes which gave him rickets and of his own need to compensate for humble Welsh origins and lack of adult inches. Austere and dedicated, spiteful and querulous – hard not to see him as the very type of the uptight Freudian.

The creed seems made for him. Twice accused – though not convicted – of sexual molestation of young children in the course of his duties, exposed as having tried to pay off a woman patient who made the same kind of accusations, how could he resist the theories of infantile sexuality and hysteria for which he, like all his colleagues, was so bitterly pilloried? His devotion to Freud went beyond the years and the monumental biography to touch the heroic: he it was who flew into Vienna to rescue the old man from the Nazis. Yet he felt that Freud, in his last written work, failed to acknowledge him as the man who brought psychoanalysis to England.

Vincent Brome's biography is mercifully light on the analytic speculation (though it would be a sight easier to read had the publishers been less extraordinarily parsimonious with their punctuation marks). If the mass of detail amounts to yet another account of the bravery and bickering that went into the founding of the movement rather than to a sharp portrait of Jones himself, if consideration of the man's own writings is relegated to an appendix, that probably says as much about Jones as it does about his chronicler.

Ann Shearer

Reviews and Articles from 'Die Rote Fahne'

GEORG LUKACS

tr. Peter Palmer *Merlin* £2.70

These 19 short articles, first published in 1922/3 in the German Communist Party daily (not just 'a Berlin periodical' as the translator's note coyly puts it), are of much more than antiquarian interest. Written when Lukacs was in Vienna after the defeat of the Hungarian Soviet Republic, working on the essays that became *History and Class Consciousness*, they are intellectual history and criticism of a high order.

Whether he is anatomising Shaw, unmasking the elitist vogue for Rabindranath Tagore, praising Balzac and Dostoyevsky, or comparing Ibsen and Strindberg or Goethe and Lessing, Lukacs always pinpoints his subject with precision on an intellectual map with a clear Marxist projection and contours. Like many others, Lukacs was often turgid when writing about 'aesthetics', but his touch in these, his earliest Marxist literary works, is just the opposite – as befits his enthusiastic appreciation, included here, of the acidic Viennese satirist Karl Kraus. The first sentence of the article on Strindberg sounds like the start of a promising review of some present-day novels: 'The antagonism of the bourgeois production system reaches the consciousness of the bourgeois class in general, its intellectuals in particular, in the form of marriage and sexual problems.' Not that these pieces are of merely literary interest in any narrow sense; the early warnings against 'the coming world war' and the role of 'international fascism' in the Kraus essay, written in 1923, are proof of that. In addition there are essays on Hegel, Marx and Lassalle, and a particularly fine one on Feuerbach.

These pieces are worthwhile and pleasureable reading in their own right. The fact that Lukacs was so consistent and that many of his major later themes are sounded here – the bourgeoisie's loss of nerve and resulting ideological decline after the political appearance of the working class in 1848, bourgeois society 'as a historical problem'; his subtle analysis of, and admiration for, the politically reactionary Balzac – make this short volume both interesting for those who already know his work, and a useful introduction for those who do not.

Nicholas Jacobs

Fishers of Men or Founders of Empire?

DAVID STOLL *Zed Press* £18.95 & £6.95

Stoll quotes the most famous of the late 19th-century revivalists, Dwight L. Moody, who told the men who financed his Moody Bible Institute that their money would be worth little 'if communism and infidelity sweep the land'. Moody added, 'There can be no better investment for the capitalists of Chicago than to put the saving salt of the Gospel' into the 'dark homes and desperate centers' of the poor. David Stoll finds the same spirit still alive in the work of the Wycliffe Bible Translators of America, one of the largest of hundreds of North American-based enterprises dedicated to evangelising the world. Their founder, William Cameron Townsend, observed of their work in Guatemala, 'No wonder that many unbelieving planters call our workers to preach the Gospel to their laborers. The believer no longer drinks nor engages in brawls. He is a faithful and more intelligent workman. His honesty can be depended upon.'

The structure and argument of this book are not always clear, but for those who wish to explore the mixed motives of missionaries it is filled with nuggets of gold.

James Bentley

Economists for Beginners

BERNARD CANAVAN *Writers & Readers* £6.95 & £2.95

This guide is about economists, not economic principles. Seven economists figure – Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, Mill, Marx, Marshall and Keynes; an oddly Anglocentric choice, except for Marx. The book offers a historical debate between the great economists, often using their own words. Sometimes these confuse more than they clarify, though this is not the fault of the author. Ricardo sets out his model of the economy as a gigantic corn farm and Malthus objects that this is unrealistic; Ricardo refines his theory accordingly. Marshall and Keynes argue about full employment, wage reductions and interest rates. The dialectic between the economists is good-tempered, even when Marx appears. A stage army of archetypes – peasants, workers, landlords and businessmen – regularly deliver populist objections as the economists become too abstract. Some concepts may be too sophisticated for the beginner – liquidity preference, for instance, or the marginal efficiency of capital – but there is a useful glossary of concepts at the back. The book demonstrates the *idées fixes* of the past – the recurring debate about value between Smith, Ricardo and Marx; Mill's notion that the wage fund is permanently limited. As an 'A' Level economist, I appreciated for the first time how much modern neo-classical theory, used in schools and universities, owes to Marshall by way of marginal analysis.

The book sometimes fails to make clear why certain ideas seemed credible to the great economists. Nevertheless, it stimulates curiosity and it makes helpful suggestions for further reading. Some of the original drawings for the book are a little crude, though lively; the reproductions make an attractive contrast. *Economists for Beginners* is an entertaining guide and it does not suffer from the overt ideological bias which disfigures *Marx for Beginners*, one of its forerunners. It does what it sets out to do and it does it imaginatively. I am doubtful, though, whether economics at this level really lends itself to this kind of treatment.

Robert Silver

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FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

Charmed circle

The Slow Train to Milan
LISA ST AUBIN DE TERAN *Cape* £7.95
The Swan Villa
MARTIN WALSER *Secker* £7.95
The Secret History of the Lord of Musashi and **Arrowroot**
JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI *Secker* £7.95

The Slow Train to Milan is Lisa St Aubin de Teran's second autobiographical novel, and an invitation to travel first class with a very special first person: 'Strangers still come up to me sometimes in Paris or London or Caracas. And they say, "You were one of the four, weren't you?" ' This inaugural hint of international renown and exclusive intimacy admits us to the charmed circle of mysterious adventurers with whom Lisaveta, half-waif, half-heiress, dreamy, cosmopolitan, and absurdly young, drifts around Europe. The year is 1970 and her three exiled Venezuelan companions are wanted by Interpol, though their shoplifting is more closely documented than their bank-robberies, and their political commitment is manifested only in peremptory scorn for democracy, communism, religion, clerks, waiters and the unemployed. Lisaveta is too bemused and too well-bred to ask questions but, since she looks, as she often reminds us, like an angelic twelve-year-old, she occasionally gets called upon to deliver smuggled guns or present forged papers.

Elias has genius, Otto is writing a book about Sartre, Cesar is a wealthy landowner of ancient lineage, and all are gifted with aesthetic and temperamental qualities that leave policemen gasping, hoteliers thunderstruck and old ladies infatuated. Their loves and hates are operatic. They wear their diseases like signet rings. Perpetually menaced by violence and privation, they are credited with the ravaged grandeur of the landscapes through which they pass: the corroded angels of Venice, the scorched facades of Bologna, the snow of the Alps spread about 'like crumpled damask'. Perhaps the nostalgic romance of the slow Italian train is merely a metaphor for the languorous passage of food and drink through these sacred monsters whose very hangovers are epoch-making and illustrative of aristocratic hauteur: 'His kidneys refused to eliminate the alcohol from his body and kept it in him for days and days.'

Meanwhile Lisaveta, universally adored and swathed, by turns, in silk, fur and blood-stained blankets, starves and suffers bitter-sweetly, tends a scrofulous kitten, misses Harrods. She also describes the ups and downs of her gangsters' odyssey in a style so fluent, merry and felicitous that even the most reluctant and charm-resistant reader is, finally, glad to have gone along for the ride.

Among these Colour Supplement vagrants possessions, too, come and go. The crocodile wallet, the Longines watch, the silver-grey Mercedes are accessories to be cherished or chucked according to the need or whim of the moment. Such elegant nonchalance is beyond Gottlieb Zürn, who is gripped by remorse in the wake of a spending spree: 'That rug! That camera! Could he do more against himself than buy so much? Yet he had done it *for* himself!'

Martin Walser's protagonist is an estate agent, and the eponymous **Swan Villa** an exquisite property on the shores of Lake Constance, admired in childhood and now up for sale. Which of the rival dealers will be favoured with an exclusive listing? Gottlieb is haunted by the beauty of the frescoes and stained glass, by the prospect of the commission, by the memory of his bankrupt parents, by the urge to impress clients, patrons and competitors, and by the wish to see his four wayward daughters safely provided for. One of them is ill, one pregnant, one threatens to leave school and refuses to eat. All provoke him to rage and rancour when he means only to be tender and considerate.

Harassed by conflicting impulses, he envies his wife's calm consistency of purpose and resents her with an intensity that is the obverse of gratitude, a measure of his own dependence on her. As Gottlieb hangs upon the outcome of business strategy and market forces, alternating between ambition and self-abasement, a solid picture of a society in crisis emerges from the turmoil of his thoughts. *The Swan Villa* embodies with rare percipience and topicality a complex living relationship between love and money.

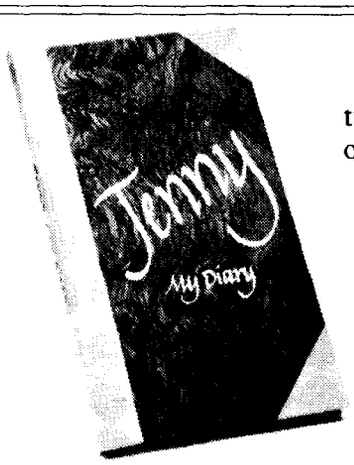
WHILE it seems natural for Martin Walser's German teenagers to speak in a modern American idiom, dismissing each other's remarks as 'bull', it comes as something of a shock to hear the complaints of a 16th-century samurai that, at the age of twelve, he was excluded from battle along with 'no-account women and children'. Two novellas by the late Junichiro Tanizaki, first published in the 1930s, both purport to trace the truths of antiquity through scholarly perusal of archives and artefacts. But the legendary past is avidly recreated in order to dignify and celebrate the obsessions outlined in the preamble to 'Arrowroot': 'The Southern Court; the blossoms of Yoshino; the mysterious mountain recesses; the youthful king; the sacred jewel hidden deep in a cave; the head spouting blood through the snow – a writer could not hope for a more promising list of subjects.'

The longer narrative explains that, as a boy-hostage in a besieged castle, the Lord of Musashi was enraptured by the cruel smile of a girl dressing severed heads – preparing trophies from the corpses of high-ranking warriors for display. In particular, the hero longed to change places with a gory 'woman-head', a term presumably invoking the analogy of castration, since, from these decapitated soldiers, the nose had been sliced off.

The iconography of masochism, with its interplay of trauma and triumph, is very specific, and hence of limited appeal. Devotees will doubtless anticipate that, when the hero rolls away a mossy stone from the hillside and finds himself in an underground passage, it will lead to the repository of the Lady's excrement. I suspect that Tanizaki tells us more about fantasies of mockery and mutiliation and, by implication, about the social mores, sexual segregation, repressive codes and hierarchical disciplines that foster them than most readers will want to know. □

What does life mean for Jenny when the world breaks up?

Jenny My Diary



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FILMS
John Coleman

In his elements

Local Hero (PG)
Odeon, Haymarket
One Man's War (PG)
Everyman
The World According to Garp (15)
Warner West End, etc
Q – The Winged Serpent (X)
Classic, Tottenham Court Road, etc.; London release

Oldsen and Mac contemplating the future of Ferness

Night, and a car squats becalmed in thick mist on a country road, headlamps blazing. We know that two fellows are resigning themselves to sleep inside. A carefully bland American voice is heard over the image: 'Do you think we could have the lights off?' Cut. After the bewilderment of references lately cascading from the media – to other movies: *Whisky Galore, Laxdale Hall, The Maggie, Brigadoon* (and why not *The Battle of the Sexes?*); to other directors: Powell and Pressburger, Capra and Preston Sturges – it is a relief to register that Bill Forsyth's delightful but not so douce **Local Hero,** produced by David Puttnam, is unmistakably from the magical Scottish hand that wrote and directed *That Sinking Feeling* and *Gregory's Girl,* another pawky original, whatever memories of the work of Alexander Mackendrick in particular it may briefly evoke. Going bigger-budget has meant Burt Lancaster and a week's shooting in Houston, lyrical and elegiac location photography by Chris Menges and a Penguin novelisation of the film by David Benedictus (£1.50); it has meant, in short, a higher degree of professionalism both in product and promotion, and some shrewdness maybe in choosing an Anglo-American plot – the proposed buying up of an entire little Scottish fishing village, Ferness, and its surrounds by a giant Texan conglomerate bent on siting an oil refinery there. What it hasn't meant is a dilution of the inimitable Forsyth spirit, deceptively mild but with a distilled and disruptive kick to it.

Transformations happen, not always where expected. Mac (Peter Riegert), the reluctant emissary of omnipotent boss Happer (Mr Lancaster), an astronomy-buff who further instructs Mac to keep an eye out for comets, has a battery-charged briefcase, a watch that musically chimes conference time in Houston and suits he caresses when hanging them up. Under the wily ministrations of local hotel owner, accountant, waiter and people's hero Urquhart (Denis Lawson), the urban innocent abroad swiftly succumbs to the spell of meteor-showers, the Aurora Borealis, shell-hunting in rock-pools, and to the merry beauty of Urquhart's wife Stella (Jennifer Black). His gangling in-place assistant, multi-lingual Oldsen (Peter Capaldi), with whom he has dry verbal exchanges – the secret of much of Forsyth's humour is that, rather than double-take at loony remarks, his folk carry on straight-faced, bravely swallowing non-sequiturs and riposting in kind – this Oldsen, like an arm-flapping elder brother of Gregory, has meanwhile utterly fallen for the cooler beauty of wise-smiling oceanographer Marina (Jenny Seagrove), an absolute creature of the sea.

A PhD in Structuralism is hardly needed to allow, in passing, some relevance to the women's names. By the time Happer decides to make a sky-gazing visit, the marvellous descent of his helicopter a nocturnal equivalent of something out of *Close Encounters,* a sage old beachcomber Ben (Fulton Mackay) has halted the projected sale – to the annoyance and quiet menace of the villagers already Caliban-enchanted at the notion of riches – and he and Happer retire to a driftwood shack to make other, more life-enhancing plans. In this sequence, Forsyth cunningly demonstrates that science-fiction is all around us, inner space as rich and mysterious as outer.

Of course, the surface of *Local Hero* is alive with comic moments and characters. A Russian trawler captain bellows out a ballad ('When my rolling days are over') at a ceilidh during which the local punkette hauls poor Oldsen on to the dance floor and two elderly gentlemen meditate all those generations of farm work down the drain ('Aye, strange times, strange times') before their pure joy at the cash millions to come sets them both sedately jigging to the music. Mac's matey endeavours to find common conversational ground with the fishermen slam to a silent halt on his question about a squalling bairn, 'Whose baby is that?' This last, delicate uncertainty reflects larger ones in a wonderfully played piece (the casting is generally inspired). I have a private reservation about the starriest actor of all, even knowing Forsyth wrote Happer with him in mind: Lancaster seems to me to leak a kind of anaesthetising gravitas over most of his occasions, oddly dulling the prevailing mood. Bring back Eugene Pallette. But that's my quirk. The mysteries I rather intend belong to the whole fabric and are deliberate, stimulating after the event. Would Urquhart really have handed his missus over to Mac? His eyes betray nothing. Won't Mac find life back in Houston, all telexes and angst, unendurable? What of Oldsen and his salty maiden? And is it to be happy-ever-after, or, his ego swelling out in new directions, Happer-ever-after for the people of Ferness. Comedy asks questions too in this development of the Forsyth saga.

Edgardo Cozarinsky is an Argentinian film-maker and writer resident in Paris since 1974. His **One Man's War** proves so densely fascinating that one wishes one could have it beside one like a book, to thumb through, sample at leisure, turn back to peculiarly pregnant pages. Using the strange, tormented journals of Ernst Jünger, an author and career officer who became military commandant of Paris during World War II, it sets them over and often quite against contemporary French newsreels and stills: the result is a kind of chilling collage in motion, ironically arranged in four musical movements, which – among other salutary things – establishes the litter of lies and bad faith that is history. The other things show, for instance, Hitler meeting Mussolini while Niels Arestrup's voice narrates Jünger's description of overseeing a deserter's execution; models swishing in fur coats through a zoo beside the animals whose relatives yielded the pelts; a horse-race, with the commentator making it clear that Isaac is the name of the winning horse, not the jockey; French workers 'cheerfully' entraining for labour in the Fatherland; tangled doings on the Russian front. Lacking the painstaking organisation of Marcel Orphuls' *The Sorrow and the Pity,* intentionally so, this one man's view sets up its own reverberations. Do see it.

In little: George Roy Hill's version of the John Irving novel, **The World According to Garp,** inevitably jettisons the armature of the absurd which held much of that odd exploration of feminism, creativity, the nuclear family approximately together, leaving us with a screenful of cute and shocking scraps, glossily strung out and stringing us along. The effect is hugely to stress the sentimentality of the original. In the impossible role of Garp, Robin Williams steadily pipes his eye: I preferred him Popping it. Larry Cohen's **Q – The Winged Serpent,** a gory fantasy anent a cheap-looking monster attacking roof-top Manhattan, would invite the decisive response, 'A – No, thanks', were it not for a nutty performance from Michael Moriarty. □

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THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Citizens effect

Crystal Clear
PHIL YOUNG *Wyndhams*
Déjà Vu and **These Foolish Things**
PHILIP DAVIS *Old Red Lion*

There is a well-chronicled theatrical phenomenon which, for the sake of being contentious and disagreeable, we'll call the Glasgow Citizens Effect. The law it obeys goes roughly as follows. The critics trek off to pub-theatres in Brent or Clapham, or to more conventional playhouses in far-off Southampton, Mold or (of course) Glasgow, and file notices packed with frolicking verbs, high-kicking adjectives and adverbs in cami-knickers. Some impressionable management is thereupon moved to transport the show to mainstream London, where more is expected and judgments are accordingly harsher. Suddenly the frog that seemed so impressive in its own small puddle begins to look a bit silly as it croaks importantly away among the metropolitan crocodiles and hippopotami.

Crystal Clear seemed, on the face of it, all too likely to succumb to the Citizens Effect. Speaking for myself, I went off to that urban punishment block which goes by the inappropriately rustic name of the Old Red Lion last November hoping, at most, that my rump wouldn't be permanently maimed by the gruesomely uncomfortable seats, or my spirit paralysed by yet another well-meaning improvised play. As it happened, I was gripped, stimulated, amused, and everything else critics are more inclined to proclaim themselves as being than actually to be. Indeed, I had trouble containing my tears at the ending, an experience I haven't had since roughly 1606, the date of the first press performance of *King Lear*. But when I heard that the impresario Robert Fox had taken me and my fellow-enthusiasts at our written word, and was shifting *Crystal Clear* to Leicester Square, I naturally began to worry. Had our surprise at not actually being annihilated with boredom led us to overrate the play? And how would so delicate a piece fare in less intimate if also less bum-crushing an environment?

The twin answers are, no and very well. The Citizens Effect has been defied. Indeed, the play's main weakness, while not quite cured, strikes me as considerably less acute. That is the tendency of one of its three characters – the sighted girl-friend of Richard, whose single good eye is destroyed by diabetes in the course of the evening – to lapse into moral caricature. Improvised drama is, I find, often spoiled by an excessive hammering-away at obvious personality traits, or at least by a distrust of implication and inference, a fear of understatement; and there were times at the Old Red Lion when Diana Barrett, playing this particular part, might as well have had 'insensitive', 'self-absorbed' and even 'bitch' plastered across her sweat-shirt. But her performance has become subtler, more balanced, perhaps more sympathetic. You still wince when she patronisingly shakes a box of matches at the sightless Richard or tells him he's refusing to face up to what's right in front of him; but now you sense her helplessness, frustration and pain rather more strongly. Blindness is distancing this emotional loafer, as she thinks him, further and further from her clammy clutches; and she can't bear it.

Actually, she misjudges him. His personal journey, though away from her, is towards feeling and, specifically, commitment to a new, blind girl-friend, Thomasina. Most of the evening he defends himself with wry, downbeat, very English jokes, only to discover that this genteel verbal jousting isn't the way to win a woman who has strong and natural qualms about sharing her life with someone as helpless as herself. The play's overall shape and pattern – from sight to blindness and, at the same time, from blindness to sight – is more apparent than I found it at the Old Red Lion; and its emotional impact is undiminished. Anthony Allen and Philomena McDonagh, playing Richard and Thom respectively, have beavered and burrowed their way into their characters so thoroughly that they make you taste, smell, touch, feel what it's like to be blind, vulnerable, and formidably in love.

I was glad I brought my hanky; and it took another visit to the Old Red Lion to restore me to my customary heartlessness. Philip Davis can write nice realistic dialogue; but what he has to say about, respectively, the sex war and domestic paranoia scarcely begins to grip, stimulate or amuse. □

DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Silent screams

Triple Bill
Royal Ballet, Covent Garden

In the new *Valley of Shadows*, Kenneth MacMillan starts from *The Garden of the Finzi-Contini*s by Giorgio Bassani, a novel set largely in the uncertain Ferrara after Mussolini's race laws of 1938. A wealthy Jewish family indulges in social activities, notably tennis, its members subsequently taken away to die in concentration camps. MacMillan focuses on the young, independent daughter Micol (Alessandra Ferri); Giorgio (Guy Niblett), the book's first person, whose love is unreciprocated; her dying brother Alberto (Derek Deane) and his best friend Malnate (Ashley Page). The garden scenes are fashionable but edgy as first parents and finally Micol are taken away. Scenes of concentration-camp life brutally trisect the prewar scenes. The contrast is emphasised by musical shifts from Tchaikovsky to Martinu and by Yolanda Sonnabend's designs.

Neither the book nor the masterly Vittorio de Sica film based on it details for us the implied horrors of what happens to the family in Germany. Bassani's climax is the point where Giorgio realises, but without proof, that Micol and Malnate are lovers. It is the Proustian reliving of a past era, prompted by a visit to the Etruscan family tombs outside Rome.

Such elegy is not to MacMillan's taste. His ballet is essentially ill-conceived, crudely structured and, unless you already know the story, a confusing and incoherent narrative, even if the lovemaking is explicit. Two doubly fictitious diary entries, planted in the programme by MacMillan and ascribed to Micol who worries over the disappearance of her family (chronologically wrong by the book), are unhelpful.

More alarming is the fact that the characters are victims in several senses. None is developed, though all the dancers portray the required anguish and passion. In the garden scenes, Ferri is subjected to the worst sort of acrobatic ingenuity that MacMillan can conjure up. In a quartet with Malnate, Giorgio and Alberto, she's hoisted into perilous lifts, her body hiked about, arched and inverted, limbs wrenched; or, like a doll, she rides in awkward suspension at the end of her line of travelling *porteurs*, all as metaphor for youthful abandon and covert sexuality. This is not sympathetic treatment of prime material: Ferri is one of the most promising young RB talents. Intentionally or not, MacMillan succeeds in humiliating nearly all his heroines.

Humiliation is here carried to an extreme in the handling of the concentration-camp inmates, partly convulsed with terror, juddering with mouths in silent screams (a MacMillan cliché), sometimes dancing like a ballet company, a vision of classicism distorted, exaggeratedly pulled out arabesques, duo work, furious leaps and turns, elements of virtuosity and grand manner (mass motion as well as individual statements) – even a touch of high camp, a Gestapo officer with a gym whistle strayed in from Mel Brooks – and all to the heroic music of Czech defiance: opera house display of an objectionable kind. Unlike other recent literary works that exploit the Holocaust, MacMillan's contribution, though perhaps no less sincere, fails. He employs only shock tactics in describing an historical event to the shock of which we are already dangerously inured. The subject still deserves the most sensitive treatment, if indeed it should be tackled descriptively in dance at all.

Perhaps *Requiem*, rounding us out, could be seen as applying directly to the characters in *Valley of Shadows*. Premiered on the Stuttgart Ballet in 1976, this was its first performance by the RB, with Marcia Haydée and Reid Anderson, the original soloists, as guests. Set to Fauré's work of great pathos, here again is searing, strained

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motion, fierce, whole-body articulation. But the ultimate effect is static and restrained, the dancers strangely dehumanised. Shiny figures in striking poses, the women are often launched aloft or grounded in frozen tableaux transported across the stage, singly or duplicated by the whole of an anonymous, pyramidal cast of soloists, sub-soloists (among them Bryony Brind, Ashley Page and Wayne Eagling) and on down into mass *corps*.

Of this programme, only the opening *Orpheus* seemed balanced, MacMillan's passion for physicality and emotion tamed, but with some measure of humanity and risk preserved. □

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Teeth 'n' smiles

BBC-2's mini access slot **Open Door** had a community programme on shyness. Sufferer Bernard Goodsall took us to a shy party where Father Atthill administered spaghetti. A man was interviewed who said nothing, staring at his shoes. A girl said very softly that if anyone said 'What?' she would go red. Supermarkets were a boon to her, but the checkout was like going on stage. Melissa thought that her huge Paraguayan harp might distract people's attention (not mine). Peter Copeland, a dubbing engineer, enjoyed being shy because it meant he didn't catch other people's colds. If everyone was shy, he thought, there wouldn't be any wars. There wouldn't be any television either. I didn't know John Conteh was shy. He was so shy he wore underpants in the shower, but he overcame it by advertising them on the Underground. Hitler, said Goodsall, was an example of a man who had successfully conquered his shyness. I suppose politics, like boxing, is a kind of shyness-reaction, with the smile as give-away. Goodsall told shy people that the best cure was to go out and smile and say hello to three complete strangers – what politicians do. It sounded like learning to swim by drowning.

How I sicken at politicians who smile on television: Thatcher, Healey, Benn, there are others I can't think of, the explainers of nothing who are never wrong or pessimistic. Who's he smiling at, I wonder, glancing behind me: it can't be me, I'm frowning. And if it's all of us watching *A Party Political Broadcast on Behalf of the Conservative Party* is there really enough to go round, or is it some kind of loaves and fishes act that hasn't worked? This explanation would account for the thinness of Benn's smile when he came on recently to complain about the Church's relationship to the State or some such burning red hot herring. I thought I made out more fear than aggression in his repeated inappropriate smirking, but fear of what? Damnation? Competition? Being found out? Benn is a self-appointed scapegoat. A very special pomposity. Shortly afterwards we heard that the blandly-voyaging Pope, also smiling, had been inviting five Nicaraguan priests to get out of politics. They declined, of course. I wonder who he'd choose here. *Question Time* on BBC-1 is aptly named because, in politics, there are no mentionable answers, only smiles.

Smiling in singers is almost equally questionable. Are we nervous or are they? As with politicians, it's a middle-of-the-road thing, an apology for an apology. The same singers smile who make helpful gestures, pointing at their heads or their eyes. Norman Tebbit would hide his eyes and wave goodbye. Mrs Thatcher would hold her heart and shake her head. I remember her smile from a nurse who gave me an enema once. Benn would cry real tears. Leo Sayer and Cilla Black are singer-smilers, but the arch-leerer is Frankie Vaughan, who was on last Friday's **Pebble Mill Special** (BBC-1): 'The Midwifery Awards in Association with Dettol 1983.' Frankie said he laughed and cried when his wife gave birth, which I'm sure was true, but it was only a cue for a song: 'I cried a tear, you wiped it dry', smiled Frankie, sitting on a woman's lap. When he was through, Marion Foster asked him if he had any grandparents yet. 'Of course I have grandparents, Marion', said Frankie, 'you're very nervous today.' For entertainment we watched a moaning Mrs Grundy of *The Archers* sitting on a chair and having a speeded-up baby Grundy on Radio 4.

Then it was time for the awards. The prize was £10,000 and a full-size Dettol sword. The finalists were interviewed as on Miss World: every midwife was more caring than the one before. We know that in real life midwives behave with barely concealed sadism, but no matter. They wanted that sword. Hammersmith Hospital were pushing dimmed lights and piped music. We had a snatch of the music and it wasn't encouraging. They should have had Frankie Vaughan singing 'I cried a tear, you wiped it dry'. He could have done a high kick to put everyone in the right mood. 'Our mothers can choose whatever form of delivery they like', said the midwife, adding hastily, lest the cricketing metaphor sweep away her credibility, 'within reason, of course'. I wondered what kind of delivery would be beyond reason at Hammersmith. A bouncer? A body-liner? It was time for the Sword. The winner was St Mary's, Portsmouth. A nurse stood holding the sharp-looking thing and smiling. It was just what she'd always wanted.

As a prize for midwifery a sword would be more appropriate for the demon midwives of the Sudan, who fear they will lose their frail standing in society if they don't continue to hack away the genitals of every young girl that crosses their path and go everywhere with their terrifying tin boxes containing razor, needle, brush and grubby 'De-tol' bottle. *Female Excision*, a film by Louise Panton on BBC-2's **Forty Minutes**, was the best made, most unwatchable programme I have ever squirmed through. □

EXHIBITION
James Bentley

Shock tactics

Auschwitz
St George's in the East, Cannon Street Road, London E1, till 30 March (not Saturdays)

Recent revelations in the *New Statesman* of continuing racial harassment and worse in the East End, combined with official indifference to it, give added importance to the Auschwitz Exhibition in the crypt of St George's in the East. The exhibition, which comes from the Museum of Auschwitz in Poland, is extremely moving. A foully smelling prisoner's uniform hangs on barbed wire. On display is a length of hair, shorn from a Jewish woman and a length of cloth woven from the hair of other human beings. Photographs show prisoners before and after their heads were shaved. Whips, rubber hoses and a two-foot long piece of motor cable, once used to beat prisoners, are on show alongside children's shoes and the pathetic toys made by their doomed parents.

The many photographs of the death camp, its inmates and those who created it are supplemented by drawings by prisoners, some of whom died, some of whom survived, as well as two poignant woodcarvings, by Witold Werndi, of women and children who were victims of the Nazis.

Over 8,000 children from over 100 schools are already booked to tour the exhibition. Only children aged 13 and over will be allowed in. The Bishop of Stepney, who is chairman of the committee sponsoring the Auschwitz Exhibition, justifies showing such horrifying material to children as being 'as important as showing the child who smokes a cancerous lung'. In fact, I believe that the exhibition, moving though it is, is not shocking enough. Auschwitz was even more horrific than is shown here. Some of the material in a special teaching pack exhibition prepared for schools is, properly, more shocking.

The organisers hope that the exhibition will help to counter today's racism. In a lecture in St George's on the opening day, the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr Hugh Montefiore, referred to a copy of *The Holocaust News*, sold in the East End of London, which described the mass extermination of the Jews as 'scientifically impossible'. Dr Montefiore said that this virulent anti-Semitism, like all forms of racial hatred, needs to be shown up 'for the lies and filth it is'. But here, unfortunately, the exhibition is at its weakest. A brief epilogue draws attention to Britain's declining economy and high unemployment. It adds, 'This is fertile ground for extremists to gain converts. Auschwitz shows where this can lead.' But this connection is made nowhere else in the exhibition. □

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CRAFTS
Peter Dormer

Small craft warnings

IF YOU casually remark that the crafts are political you deserve to be mocked as people muse on the merits of 'Potters against the Bomb' or debate the consciousness-raising potential of the radical quilt. But 'crafts' imply two key activities – workmanship and applied art. Applied art involves aesthetic and design skills which can be used in problem solving: how, for instance, do you make a new shopping centre more humane? Then, having devised the solution, you need good workmanship to carry it out. The worker or craftsperson (who may be an applied artist) thus has a major effect on the built environment, to take one example. Indeed, the worker and craftsperson are important, albeit anonymous, figures in our commonplace lives.

One might expect the crafts revival, now in its adolescence, to have had some impact upon the quality of workmanship and the quality of design – and to an extent it has. In the field of useful ware such as domestic pottery, furniture and textiles the Crafts Council has rightly promoted a group of makers whose workmanship is good. Moreover, some of these makers are also innovative designers who are acknowledged as such by the Design Council, which nowadays frequently endorses the designs of particular craftsworkers.

But most craftsworkers, to their crestfallen bewilderment, will never be endorsed by either council because, while the crafts revival has been extensive in number of practitioners, the bulk of its products have been awful. Indifferently made, carelessly designed objects are arty-crafted up by makers who are indulging their own sentimentality as well as that of their clients. What they are offering is the ceramic or wood equivalent of the olde-worlde pub interior.

The irony is that such people, because they *look* authentic, manage to fuel the vaguely socialist romance of the dignity of creative work. Where is the dignity in turning out pap that tricks people into believing it has merit simply because it is 'hand made'? This is not promoting an understanding of craft and good workmanship but subverting it. Nor do these folksy craftspeople provide a model for the rest of us of how to organise for a more altruistic, small-is-beautiful economy. Without a relatively affluent middle class, in work and earning its living in the towns, these 'independent' makers are lost. It is the style of life, a self-satisfaction about being holed up in the South-West or the far North, away from urban routines, that attracts these small businesses – not the personal and altruistic satisfaction of making something better than that which is available from another source.

Some critics go further. Stephen Bayley, Director of the Boilerhouse (Terence Conran's design history gallery at the V&A), says craft is of no general interest if its practice is justified only by the maker's personal satisfaction. He claims that craftspeople who work by hand have research and development time which industry could never afford and he concludes that practising craftsworkers should devote themselves to producing prototypes for mass production. Unfortunately, Bayley's argument, appealing though it is in its democratic instincts, will not stand up. Apart from the fact that it is not clear whether the craftsworker is to provide prototypes that are to improve a product's design or its quality of manufacture, or both, I cannot see how the proposed crafts-industry relationship is supposed to work. If industry cannot afford the money to fund the sort of research and development that craftspeople spend on their work, then who *is* to pay?

Yet Bayley has a point, particularly if he is willing to dilute it with the logic of J. K. Galbraith, who, in his recent Arts Council lecture, 'Arts and the Economy', argued that a prosperous society owed a part of its prosperity to an active art (and craft and design) world. The argument then runs as follows. The crafts constitute a constantly replenished pool of ideas and also provide a demonstration of excellence. In this capacity the crafts are an example to us in general and to industry in particular. But there is a problem. How do you orchestrate the interchange between individual craftsworkers and individual firms?

Training furniture designer-makers, for example, and shoving them into factories will not do. If you do that you remove the benefits to be derived from individuals working on products of excellence but limited appeal. Yet I am attracted to the idea of placing craftsworkers in firms for limited periods – not to make artefacts as much as to offer an alternative view point, new ways of looking at old problems.

However, alongside such arguments about the relevance of crafts there is another, more political debate. Earlier I said that 'workmanship' is a crucial component of craft (in fact I have really followed craftsman and writer David Pye who says 'workmanship of the better sort is called, in an honorific way, craftsmanship'). Now a lot of idealism – such as that which motivated the post-war schemes of public sector housing – has been undermined by bad workmanship and a lack of applied art. As Pye shrewdly says in his book, *The Nature and Art of Workmanship* (CUP), 'On the workman's decision depends a great part of the quality of our environment.'

Unlike the various attempts to make fine art 'socially relevant', the politics of workmanship has not attracted much debate. A few fine artists with an eye for the main chance have tried to turn themselves into radical heroes by offering, not just 'consciousness-raising' murals for the gable end, but also themselves – as spokespeople for ill-defined communities. There have also been more useful schemes in which artists and architects have worked together to soften new towns. Yet even that approach seems second order compared with the approach that tries to tackle the quality of society's literal fabric – its buildings, roads and so on.

Trying to establish why this fabric is frequently shoddy leads quickly to recriminations, if not a punch on the nose. It is not just a matter of arguing the party line and saying that private building firms with their emphasis on profit kill off craftsmanship. One has only to look at some direct labour departments to see that the answer is not that simple. Nor, keeping to the housing example, is it a simple matter of blaming Town Hall management each time it accepts a shoddily built estate. How many local Labour parties would want to fall out with fellow trade unionists at the Town Hall over the small matter of failing to ensure that the ideal of good housing was translated into being through the medium of good workmanship? Alternatively, how many politicians have leaned on management to speed things up, cut costs, cut corners and all the rest in order to 'show results'?

In essence, what I have argued is that the crafts revival proper is at its beginning while the bulk of the arty-crafty movement is an irrelevancy. The smaller, select and selected group of craft practitioners who pursue excellence in workmanship and design are important – they are a resource and how this resource is to be encouraged and used is a political matter. But, finally, there is the broader, tougher and bitchier politics of workmanship on which hard talking has yet to begin. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2761 **Set by P. W. R. Foot**

Provide, if you please, a nursery rhyme in traditional style about some well-known public figure of today or about some headlined event of the past twelve months. Eight lines max., by 25 March.

No 2758 **Set by C. Fever**

Tabloid coverage of royals from the past.

Report **By Jeff Squiffy**

A person wearing a crash helmet appeared in the doorway of my office. 'Leave them over there,' I muttered, assuming him to be a motorbike messenger delivering another bag of entries. The person coughed. 'Actually, I'm the editor of the *New Statesman*,' he said, 'and I wondered if I might suggest . . .' I was instantly alert. History shows that all *NS* editors try, sooner or later, to interfere with the Comp. One has to be brutal with them. 'If you have a suggestion,' I replied, 'you should put it in writing.' He retired, whimpering. However, if we're going to fend off the meddling motorcyclist, all compers must be on *top form* from now on. This

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week's winners get a mere eight quid; let that be a warning to you.

Charlie's at it again! Our merry monarch's increasingly frequent visits to the theatre have far less to do with supporting the arts and much more to do with supporting tarts. One tart in particular seems to have whetted the King's appetite – and orange has been the flavour of the month for some time.

Pretty Nell Gwynne is the one time orange seller who is currently the apple of Charlie's eye. Her pithy renditions of Dryden, together with some juicier recitations, have made the royal mouth water.

Last night the droll doll of Drury Lane was seen leaving the theatre in the King's coach, presumably for a private audience with His Majesty.

In putting the facts before you, the reader, our intentions are entirely honourable – it could be that Charlie's aren't!

V. Ernest Cox

Watch out, Wops! Your legions will be short of a few foot-soldiers if they run into our Boadicea on the battlefield – shorter by a few feet!

You'll get a taste of your own olive oil.

A weapons technology spin-off from your Colosseum programme back home has been adapted to fit our British-made chariot by a team of boffins in East Anglia. No hub caps now – just a scythe attached at either end of the fixed axle.

Nasty. Defence cuts with a difference.

What's the Latin for *Aaargh!*, Julius?

Next week they swing into production. But will the first model be rolling into your lines by Woden's day?

'Yes,' the Queen commented. 'I've total faith in the work-force. They realise the necessity for these cuts if the Romans are never to get back on their feet.'

Rob Oats

'This takes the biscuit,' crowed *Star* archaeologist Ron Snipp, waving aloft his latest royal find.

The blackened cake, a traditional royal recipe, is the newest evidence dug up on Alfred, Britain's spiciest royal, the King who liked the heat and couldn't stay out of the kitchen. And his Bon Viveur partner.

A cracker is how Ron describes her – petite (4' 11"), with good bones (they've lasted for centuries) and all her own teeth.

She needed them for Alfred's cakes.

'The King was no cook,' says Ron, the expert who's cleared the mud from the culinary monarch's merry-making, 'but he had an eye for anything dishy.'

And you don't get a King dropping in to your hut for drop scones unless you give him a very warm welcome!

D. A. Prince

Down at Greenwich, the Queen very nearly put her foot in it – a large puddle of muddy water!

But Sir Walter Raleigh whipped off his expensive new cloak and invited the monarch to step on it.

Naturally, Her Majesty was duly tickled by such old-world courtesy.

And health experts gave the approval to Walt's gesture.

Famous surgeon Sir George Sidney said: 'Everyone knows that wet feet can lead to colds and pneumonia.'

So Walt may have saved our beloved Queen's life!

No wonder the *Daily Star*'s offices were flooded with the public's reaction, from cleaning firms offering to do the cloak for free to a letter from Master Roger Phelps, aged 7, who has set off to walk from Carlisle with enough earth and stones to fill up the puddle hole.

Pat Blackford

FIRST PERSON

Bill Greenwell

Alarms and curses

BEFORE THE BAIRN was born (he's six months, fit, and forging ahead nicely, thank you for asking) we went Shopping. The capital punishment I mete out to Shopping is but an inkling of the distaste I reserve for this singularly unpleasant pastime. Breezing around the bunny-blazoned goods on offer was at least to enter uncharted territory. (A friend of mine, another first-time father, was incidentally treated to the acid aside, 'I see you've decided to become a father now that Habitat have taken over Mothercare'.) But it wasn't the kits of stripped pine accessories that interested me.

No, it was the baby alarm. I suspect that my minor obsession with the purchase of the aforesaid item had deep roots: with the thrill of tin-cans and string, the primitive telephones of childhood. Come to think of it, tin-cans and string would have been a damn sight cheaper. No batteries, for a kick-off. Still, for the fearful price of a dozen quid, I elbowed my way to the counter with the electric model and plunged off home, urgent to equip the still childless house with two-way radio: 'Testing, testing.'

The thing was useless, of course, for the early weeks. He slept in our room, remained within the nervous perpetual ear-and-eye-shot of parent or parents by day. Apart from the odd project like worrying the cats (this is a subject to which I propose to return) with bodiless voices, it remained idly to one side. But now it has taken up its rightful residence, and is carrying out the valuable function of allaying parental concern about the continued well-being of a small child situated beyond the preternaturally capacious ears of his progenitors.

At this point, I have to explain something about the organisation of the Greenwell home. We sleep in a converted attic (if this sounds faintly dilettante, let me assure you that it is simply a converted attic), while the junior member of the family spends his nights down a flight or so of stairs, there being two intervening doors which reduce the chance of overhearing the occasional early morning scream. The doors remain shut because of the cats. Well, all the textbooks seem to advocate a kind of vicarious ailurophobia, though neither small person nor cats seem faintly interested in each other. At any rate, this necessitates our sleeping with the alarm on through the night; it is the preferred option to that of pelting downstairs in a fit of parental paranoia, tripping perhaps, and so on.

I don't know if you're familiar with baby alarms, but the natural tendency is to have them on maximum amplification, in case one fails to overhear some quirk in the baby's pattern of breathing. Because of this, they have a habit of picking up a variety of disconnected noises within a radius of, oh, about a quarter of a mile. Thus, the price of security may well be high. The other night I woke with a start. The moon had evidently performed its occasional trick of clocking off for a couple of days. The air was pitch. A hand could hardly be seen in front of the face, even with eyes open. And there was a heavy lorry, laden perilously with a large, metallic cargo, driving, with much grinding of gears, *through the bedroom*. It is this kind of untoward occurrence to which you must become accustomed once you have installed a baby alarm.

Nevertheless, I'm glad I insisted on getting it, and I foresee a bright future for it, acting perhaps as an intercom to the teacher with whom I'm teamed at work. Indeed, I wish I'd had it earlier, since it might have assisted in The Case of the Uninvited Cat. Once more I must refer to the geography of our premises. Our back door boasts a cat flap; within it there is another door to the kitchen, which must remain open so that our pair of pampered cats may come and go at their leisure, which is prodigious.

Shortly after the cat flap was fixed, however, we were woken by violent scuffles outside the bedroom door, occasioned by the solo invasion of an unkindly tom. This had taken to duffing up our docile tabby where she slept, effecting a brilliant exit at the first angry swish of a duvet. The Heath Robinson in me retaliated. I rigged up some string, which led out of the bedroom window, round behind the back door, and through a little window to the handle of the inside door downstairs. With me? One tug, and I would be able to shut the marauder in (I had no game plan beyond this, I may as well admit).

But the cat had the edge. By the time I had groped for, found and tugged the string, it had darted deftly down the stairs and away into the night, leaving puzzled owner and battered cat behind. It was only on perhaps the seventh sortie that it made its error. Nature had called early, and I was merely dozing when it pitter-pawed its way upstairs as dawn was breaking. Our hapless cat had had but a whisker tampered with, and the string pulled the inner door shut.

I plunged naked down the stairs, risking all, I now realise, including my unborn son, to confront it. The rest is local history, however. Cats, especially when trespassing, are averse to water being poured by the bowlful on their bonces. It fled – I'd managed to reopen the string-slammed door – never to return. Our cats sleep even more soundly.

But if I'd had the baby alarm – well, I think you'll see that matters of strategy would have been much improved. From my very bedside, I could have told the pestilental mog to sod off, and announced it in such stentorian tones that its nearby owners would have heard it happen. On *their* baby alarm. □

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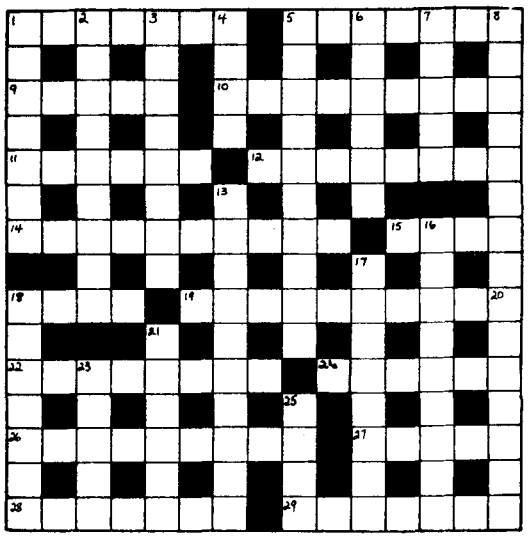
Weekend Crossword 1393

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1393, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 22 March.



Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

ACROSS

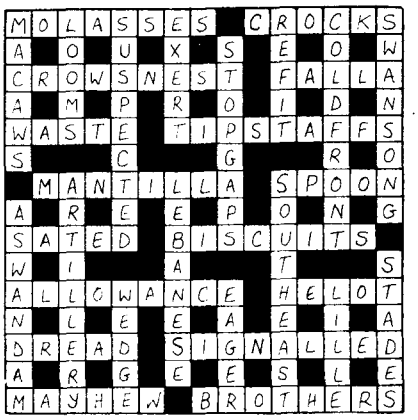
1. Fights of boy in form. (7)
5. Become dull although like a lake? (7)
9. Run for an actor. (5)
10. Retracts without us being dissenters. (9)
11. Hats for tubes. (6)
12. A policeman is needed to disperse danger ahead of me. (8)
14. Swear the fool always had a meal. (10)
15. Singles winners. (4)
18. Covering for patient. (4)
19. Design coatpegs as bearers of other's burdens. (10)
22. Advantage in providing winter estimates. (8)
24. Here you have to fly about all right. (6)
26. Piece of music which makes the piano lose badly. (9)
27. I went round the twist. (5)
28. A point behind coming from its head. (7)
29. Creatures which put a stone in place. (7)

DOWN

1. This place would be different if there were no drink. (7)
2. Stars kiss differently behind a flower. (9)
3. Race over the water in fine weather. (8)
4. Old man isn't enough for fascinating woman. (4)
5. Watch before the end of the race for a means of getting the result. (10)
6. Live in empires ideologically unacceptable. (6)
7. Wrongdoer beheaded but not outside. (5)
8. Advances quickly and occupies the penultimate column. (7)
13. There are mangled corpses so no-one gets back in the train. (10)
16. 'The —— that soothe, and heal, and bless' (Wordsworth). (9)
17. One who does not believe in coasting freely. (8)
18. 'Halt', says Canute initially to a small wave. (7)
20. Seals sounding like swans. (7)
21. Mystical experience needs one to be unusually certain. (6)
23. Recites for William and family. (5)
25. Deadly hill. (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1392



Prizewinners to 1392

A. Abbots (Suffolk)
D. R. Bethell (Cardiff)
Mrs M. Kerr (Glasgow)

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All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Personal

AMERICAN LAWYER, male, 42, jet-setter. Opening office in London. Seeks female friend with eclectic taste and willingness to travel. Box 5638.

ANALYTISCH ORIENTIERTE PSYCHOTHERAPIE von deutscher in London niedergelassener Therapeutin. 01-888 0693.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

(CONSCIOUSLY) JEWISH MAN (30), warm, sensitive, intelligent, seeks similar, interesting lady. Interests – politics (very platonic Trot), psychoanalysis, music. Please send small photo. Box 5588.

CONSIDERATE, COMPANIONABLE male teacher, 41 (North Midlands), seeks gentle, unattached lady, in her thirties (with or without children), with view to developing affectionate, long-term relationship. Interests include politics, home, folk music and visiting new places. Box 5613.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £40 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

GRADUATE MALE, 22, Chichester, unreconstructed romantic, seeks 'the sweetest girl'. Box 5619.

HANDSOME, PROFESSIONAL, bachelor (38), finally convinced material success gives limited satisfaction, seeks slim, bright, beautiful woman, to share some hopefully lasting happiness. Small photo appreciated. Box 5602.

HYPNOSIS to help stop smoking, nailbiting & alleviate migraine, tension & insomnia. Find self confidence & discover creative potential. Free consultation. Near Baker Street. 01-262 7104.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

JOURNALIST, 44, pleasant, intelligent, seeks sympatica friend for civilised relationship. London area. Box 5617.

LECTURER (male, 49), would like to meet an intelligent, healthy woman to share concern for peace and justice and grow in love and creativity. Box 5601.

LONELY? Why not join London's Friendliest Singles Club, making new friends of all ages. City Circle. 01-388 9273 (9a.m.-6p.m.).

MALE, 40, wishes to meet female, 30s, Tyneside area for friendship and early sun holiday. Photo (small) please. Box 5637.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

PROF. MAN, tall, 52, likes music, people, France, humour, needs slim, serious, sensitive woman, for caring relationship. Essex based. Box 5598.

TALL MAN, 33, elegant, intelligent, affluent, seeks sexy, older woman. Box 5558.

VERY ATTRACTIVE, slim, executive female, living in central Scotland, with many varied interests, would like to meet gentleman, 35-50 years, to share interests. Box 5603.

WANTED, 6FT, fiftyish, very personable, very youthful professional man, cultured and caring, who would like to meet similar, elegant, petite, professional lady of his own age. High integrity essential. Box 5628.

WARM, ATTRACTIVE, graduate woman, 43, div., homeloving, seeks unattached, professional man, for enriching, affectionate friendship, which could develop into love. Interests: family life, music, travel, people. London home. Box 5554.

Accommodation Wanted

SUDDENLY UNEXPECTEDLY facing imminent homelessness. Food scientist, single, recently retired, urgently needs self-contained furnished accommodation, London or nearby, no sharing. Responsible careful quiet tenant with bankers and professional references. Up to six months rent paid in advance in cash if preferred. Box 5639.

Appointments

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for skilled and experienced people in Portuguese, French and Arabic-speaking countries:

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B. **UPPER VOLTA: Nurse** or **Midwife: Agriculturalists. MALI: Radio Programmer** and **Radio Maintenance Engineer. MADAGASCAR: TEFLs: Youth Worker** (man preferred); **Agricultural Engineers; Diesel Mechanic** for public works garage.

C. **WEST BANK: Social Statistician.**

Serve for two years min. on basic living allowance with all costs covered.

Details from: UNAIS 3 Whitehall Court London SW1 Please quote NS/1

ABS

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Salary £12,160 p.a.

Experience of Trade Union work and willingness to travel are essential

Write by:
31 MARCH 1983
giving details of career to date to

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OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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Appointments

amnesty international *requires an*

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT to work on South Asia

The Executive Assistant is primarily responsible for liaising with Amnesty International's adoption groups and others to provide information relating to human rights in the area. Background knowledge and an interest in the area are required. Fluent English essential. The Executive Assistant must be able to type and be fully self-servicing

Salary £7,834 per annum (index-linked)

For a detailed job specification and an application form send a large sae to the Personnel Department, Amnesty International 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF

Closing date for the return of completed application forms: 15 April, 1983

READVERTISEMENT

DIRECTOR OF UKIAS

The United Kingdom Immigrants Advisory Service is the largest organisation serving appellants against immigration decisions of the Home Office with eleven offices throughout the country.

We require a Director who will be responsible for the overall organisation of the Service with particular reference to its public presentation.

A knowledge of Immigration and Law would be an asset but is not essential. The Service is funded by the Home Office and the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees but is entirely independent of both.

It is controlled by representatives of national organisations including the British Council of Churches, the Trades Union Congress and the larger ethnic minority groups.

The Salary scale ranges from £15,000 to £20,000.

Closing date for applications is 5 April 1983, and details are available from the Chairman of UKIAS, Brettenham House, Savoy Street, London WC2.

GLC
Working for London

Legal Adviser

Majority Group Secretariat
£11,880-£13,353

The GLC Majority Group Secretariat provides support to the leading Members, Committee Chairs and Vice-Chairs and backbenchers; its officers provide a wide range of advice to Members on an informal basis prior to, or in addition to, formal professional advice from the relevant departments of the Council.

A new post has been created within the Secretariat to provide background advice on matters of law such as statutory powers and duties, and matters of procedure in local government, so that Members may have the benefit of early input of qualified legal opinion.

Candidates for this important post should preferably be qualified as barristers or solicitors, or possess a degree in law. They should be skilled in accurately presenting complex issues which may go before the Council and its committees, on the basis that should Members wish to proceed formal and definitive legal advice will be obtained from the Director of Administration and Solicitor to the Council.

Salary will be within the range indicated, inclusive of London Weighting.

We welcome applications from disabled people and all sections of the community, irrespective of an individual's sex, ethnic origin, colour or sexual orientation.

For further details and an application form, which must be returned by 25th March 1983, write to the Director-General's Department, DG/AE/P/121, Greater London Council, Room 203, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 1527/2390.

The GLC is an equal opportunities employer

GLC
Working for London

Strategic Development of Training in London

The GLC sees training as a crucial part of its strategy for the planned defence and regeneration of industry and employment in Greater London. In January 1982 it established a Greater London Manpower Board (shortly to be renamed Greater London Training Board). The current slump in apprenticeship, the abolition of many statutory Industrial Training Boards and concern over the quality and adequacy of aspects of government-funded training schemes, are leading to an expansion of the role of the Greater London Manpower Board. At the same time, innovative and exemplary training projects are being developed within a strategic framework.

Suitably experienced and qualified staff are being recruited for a Manpower Board Support Unit. All appointees would need to demonstrate their ability to develop close working relationships with a wide range of organisations, including trade union and employer bodies, London Boroughs, voluntary/community groups, remaining statutory ITBs and the MSC. Appointees would also work closely with the Council's Economic Policy Group and the Greater London Enterprise Board. Committment to the GLMB's objectives – the development of training and related policies and projects for the economic regeneration and for social advance and equality of opportunity – is essential.

Applications are invited for the following newly-created posts:

GLMB Support Unit Head
£16,776-£18,468

Would work on proposals for a Greater London Labour Plan, and training and related schemes and projects to advance its implementation. He/she would co-ordinate the work of the Support Unit and also several other Council staff.

For further information and an application form, which must be returned by 25th March 1983, write to Senior Officer Appointments, PE/PS1/123, Greater London Council, Room 334A, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB, or telephone 01-633 6665.

GLMB Training Advisers
(two posts) £13,809-£15,021

Would advise the Board on training programmes and schemes needed for different sectors or areas of London and needed by different groups of Londoners. Some project development fieldwork would be involved.

Sector Labour Planner
£13,809-£15,021

Would contribute to the integration of the Labour Plan with the London Industrial Strategy (currently being developed in sectoral detail by the Economic Policy Group). In addition to translating economic and technological plans into labour terms, he/she would take account of the potential of different sectors for generating job and skill opportunities for women, ethnic minorities and other groups.

Research Specialist
£11,880-£13,353

The researcher would be responsible for work on training and skill-acquisition methods; and on the implications of new ways of working and the changing division of labour in London.

For further information and an application form, which must be returned by 25th March 1983, write to the Director-General's Department, DG/AE/P/123, Greater London Council, Room 203, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 1527/2390.

All salaries will be within the ranges indicated, inclusive of London Weighting.

We welcome applications from disabled people and all sections of the community, irrespective of an individual's sex, ethnic origin, colour or sexual orientation.

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OXFAM

We need an experienced

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The successful person will have considerable expertise in Parliamentary and other lobbying activities; be conversant with media practises; have a flair for creative writing and enjoy and be proficient in public speaking.

A clear understanding of world issues and a commitment to OXFAM'S aims and objectives are essential.

Starting salary, as from 1 May, **£8,040** per annum rising by annual increments to **£9,695** per annum.

For further details please contact:
Personnel Department, OXFAM, Oxfam House, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, enclosing an s.a.e.
Closing date for returned application forms:
25 March.

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER

for 2/3 time post. Salary **£6,528** (SO1 + LW pro rata)

The principal objective of Southwark Co-operative Development Agency (SCDA) is to help form and promote worker co-operatives in Southwark.

SCDA is now looking for a **WOMAN CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER** who will join two men workers. The three will share the two funded posts equally. The woman appointed will be expected to promote the concept and formation of co-operatives and also provide support and guidance to existing co-operatives in the borough.

For job description and application form contact:
SCDA, 135 Rye Lane, London SE15. Phone: 01-732 9777.
Closing date 5 April.
(This post is subject to final approval of grant.)

NATIONAL UNILEVER MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION

Appointment of

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS OFFICER

NUMA is an independent Trade Union representing management grade employees.

The successful applicant will be expected to provide an industrial relations service to the membership, including representing the Association and individual members at Company level, acting as the principal point of contact between over 30 branches and the Executive Committee.

Applicants must be conversant with currrent industrial relations practices in a *"White Collar"* environment, preferably with experience of direct negotiations.

The appointment is based in Birmingham but travel throughout the UK is to be anticipated. Salary dependent on qualifications and experience but could be **up to £10,000** for the right calibre applicant.

Please apply enclosing CV to: Mr F. J. Allen, General Secretary, NUMA, New Street Chambers, 87a New Street, Birmingham B2 4DU.

TUC ECONOMIC DEPARTMENT

ASSISTANT

required for work on economic and industrial issues.
Salary from **£8,977-£11,865** by annual increments (including London Weighting).

Write before 25 March to the General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS, for details and application form, quoting reference (TUC 1).

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LISTINGS

FRI 11 MAR

11-13th MALVERN Ecology Party election conference. Spkrs incl Jonathon Porritt (Fri. 11am) E. P. Thompson (Fri. 7pm) Des Wilson (Sat. 7pm). Winter Gardens, Grange Rd, Malvern. **Ecology Party 01-735 2485.**

BIRMINGHAM The Tory Attack on Youth. Clare Short, Ernie Jacques, Paul Schofield, Trevor Fisher. 7.30pm Labour Club, Bristol Street.

11-13th PERTH Labour Party Scottish Conference. Fringe meetings include: Fri. 12.30pm Women's Campaign meeting (LCC); Fri. 5.15pm Neil Kinnock on Education (Fabian Soc.); Sat. 6.30pm LCC Rally with Tony Benn

MANCHESTER How Labour will ban the bomb. Michael Meacher. 8pm Withington Town Hall, Lapwing Lane, West Didsbury. **Org Withington CLP.**

HOLBORN Until 17 Mar. 'Cat on the Bru'. Exhibition produced by youth group, Derry. Cockpit Gallery, Princetown Street, London WC1.

LONDON Benefit Concert, Richard Mapp plays Haydn, Chopin, Franck piano works. Proceedings for END. 7.30pm St Martins in the Fields. £2. **Org END 01-272 1236.**

LONDON WC1 Gay Humanist Group; Paul Ormeland, producer 'One in Five.' 7.30pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. **Org Gay Humanist Group 0926-58450.**

SAT 12 MAR

BRIGHTON War in the third world and the third world war. Conf on liberation struggles. Spkrs Fred Halliday, Jenny Pearce, Salvador Moncada. Friend's Centre, Ship St. **Org Anti-Apartheid, and others.**

WREXHAM The Colliers of North Wales. Day School. 11am, Miners' Institute. **Org LLafur.**

BRADFORD March against Cruise and Trident 10.30am Infirmary Fields, Rally at the Tyrls 12 noon. **Bradford 601060.**

LONDON Women in Libraries 3rd Annual Conference and first feminist book fair. 12 noon PCL, 115 New Cavendish Street, W1. **Sherry Jespersen 01-636 2383.**

ISLINGTON Conference on unemployment. Spkrs from GLC, unions; workshops. 2-5pm Islington Town Hall, Upper St. **Org London Borough of Islington. Creche 01-359 6673.**
LONDON Bunker hike. 9 mile sponsored walk round N. London's bunkers. Leave Mill Hill East underground 11am. **Org North London CND 01-435 6878.**

LONDON Benefit concert for MIND with Jo-Ann Kelly and the Shanty Crew. 7.45pm Bloomsbury Theatre.

LONDON Troops Out Now demonstration. 1pm Bidborough St nr Kings Cross. **Org Irish Solidarity Movement.**

LONDON Military crises and the response of the peace movement. One-day conference. Spkrs Judith Hart, Malcolm Harper, Roger Williamson. 10.30am Friends House, Euston Road. **Org Quaker Peace and Service.**

SUN 13 MAR

LONDON Benefit gala with Ballet Rambert, London Contemporary Dance Theatre, Adrian Mitchell, Mercury Ensemble. 7.30pm Sadlers Wells Theatre, Rosebury Ave. **Org Chile Committee for Human Rights 01-837 7561.**

LONDON Second International Book Fair of Radical Black and third world books. Week festival starting Sun with 3rd world films, 6pm, Ritzy Cinema, Brixton.

LONDON The Peace Game – showing of MoD's propaganda. 7.30pm Hillel House, 1/2 Endsleigh St, London WC1. **Org by JONAH (Jews Organised for Nuclear Arms Halt) 01-455 8082.**

MON 14 MAR

HUDDERSFIELD Sizewell B discn. Spkrs from CEGB, ANC, Friends of the Earth. 6.45 Huddersfield Polytechnic. **Org Huddersfield Green Society.**

BARNES Jazz benefit night for Stan Sulzman. The Bulls Head, Lonsdale Road, SW13.

HIGHGATE 100th centenary of Marx's death. Graveside ceremony.

WIMBLEDON Richard Balfe MEP speaks against EEC 8pm William Morris Hall, Wimbledon Broadway. **Org Wimbledon CLP.**

BRIXTON Jazz and classical concert. 7.30pm Ritzy cinema. **Org Radical Black Book Fair.**

LONDON Kurds in Iraq. Meeting on treatment of Kurds in Iraq and on Gulf war. Spkrs Stan Newens MP and Omar Sheikhmous of Patriotic Union of Kurdistan. 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. **Org Kurdistan Solidarity.**

TUES 15 MAR

LONDON New directions in African, Caribbean, Black American writing. Open seminars with Delano Abdul Malik, Sonia Sanchez, Samba Mbuub, Carlin Cooper. 10-5pm Institute of Education, Bedford Way, WC1. **Org Centre for multicultural education, Institute of Education.**

BRIXTON International Poetry Reading, incl. Wole Sayinka, Linton Kwes, Johnson, Sonia Sanchez. 7.30pm Ritzy cinema. **Radical Black & 3rd World Book Fair.**

HARINGEY Haringey against cruise missiles: spkrs Joan Ruddock, Simone Wilkinson, Ron Todd, Bishop of Kensington. 7.30pm Hornsey Town Hall, the Broadway. **Org Haringey Nuclear free zone co-ordinating committee.**

WED 16 MAR

BRISTOL The Press and the Peace Debate. Discn with Bel Mooney, George Gale, Aidan White, Brian Jones. £1.50. 7.30pm Cinema One, Watershed, 1 Canons Road.

LONDON W9 Westminster CND AGM, with film by Helen Caldicott. 7.30pm St Saviours School, Shirland Rd. **Org Westminster CND 01-286 0679.**

STOCKWELL Black women and writing. 7.30pm Surrey Hall, Binfield Road. **Radical Black & 3rd World Book Fair.**

THURS 17 MAR

BIRMINGHAM What Marx really meant. 7.30pm Dr Johnson House, Bull Street. **Org Socialist Party of Great Britain.**

STOCKWELL Resurgence or Barbarism? Forum with C.L.R. James, Ngugi Wa Thiong'o, Farrukh Dhondy, David Abdullah. Surrey Hall, Binfield Rd. **Radical Black & 3rd World Book Fair.**

LONDON SE1 Civil Engineer for Nuclear Disarmament. Inaugural meeting of CEND, to rebut idea that society could be rebuilt after nuclear exchange. Spkr Prof Thring. 7pm County Hall. **Org CEND 01-809 2379.**

FORTHCOMING

18 MAR London Publishing and Literary Awards, Black and Third World Book Fair plus buffet dance and cabaret. £12. 8pm, Nettlefold Hall, Norwood, London SE27.

18-20 MAR London Coming together: Festival for lesbians and gay men. 8pm Friday, 10.30am Sat and Sun. Food and creche available. Southbank polytechnic students' union.

21 MAR London Policies for Victory – first series of nationwide rallies organised by Labour Co-ordinating Committee, Tribune newspaper and Tribune MPs. Spkrs incl Harriet Harman, Tony Benn, Joan Ruddock. 7.30pm Camden Town Hall, Euston Rd. **Contact LCC 01-439 3749.**

26-27 MAR London Politics of the family. Weekend conference. 10.30-5.30pm, Sir William Collins School, Charrington St, London NW1. **Org Socialist Society, 01-734 8501.**

26 MAR London Inaugural meeting, Socialist Countryside Group. Spkr Michael Foot MP. 2pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org SERA 01-439 3749.**

26 MAR Sheffield Beyond the Fragments Day School on alternative approaches to local government. Contact **Hetty Startup, 33 Fellbrigg Rd, London SE22.**

EASTER CND ACTION. 31 MAR, blockade of gates Burghfield ROF (mixed) and Greenham Common (women only). **1 APR,** 40,000 people link arms from Burghfield to Greenham via Aldermaston (mixed). **2 APR,** Mass 'die-in' Glasgow. **Org CND 01-263 0977 and (Glasgow) 061-442 6859.**

16 APR Over our dead bodies: women against the bomb. Spkrs incl Julie Christie, Fay Weldon, Jill Tweedie, Jill Craigie, Susannah York. 3.30pm Central Hall, Westminster.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Lorenzaccio', 'Guys and Dolls'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'The Importance of Being Earnest', 'A Map of the World'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Beggar's Opera', 'Other Places'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

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Conference

WRITERS DAY – a few tickets left! At Purcell Room, Festival Hall. 10.30 a.m., Saturday 19 March. Speakers: D. M. Thomas and Jerzy Kosinski. Awards presented by the Minister for the Arts. Discussion. Information and tickets (£5.50 lectures, £14 with lunch) from PEN, 7 Dilke Street, London SW3. Tel: 01-352 9549.

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Meetings

A HEALTH POLICY for the next Labour Government on Saturday 19 March 10 a.m. at the Camden Centre (Small Hall), Euston Road (entrance in Bidborough Street). Speakers: Dr Cyril Taylor, President of the Socialist Health Association, Terry Davis MP, Dr Richard Stone, Albert Blyton, TGWU. Tickets £3 (Unwaged £1.50) from the Socialist Health Association, 195 Walworth Road, London SW17 1RP, or on the door.

AUSTRALIAN LABOR PARTY in Government. Meeting of the ALP Society to discuss Labor Party policies and prospects after the Australian Election victory and to plan celebration barbecue. Tues. 15 March 7 p.m. Griffin Tavern, Villiers Street, Charing X. Tel: Julia: 01-552 7657.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Wednesday 16 March 7.30 p.m. Mary Ward House, Tavistock Place, London WC1. Meeting on the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. All welcome.

CND. EASTER Demonstration Burghfield – Greenham. If you can't attend sponsor a balloon 20p each. CND (NS), P.O. Box 158, Reading.

SILOS OR SEWERS. A meeting at County Hall, SE1, organised by Civil Engineers for Nuclear Disarmament. Speaker: Professor Thring. Thursday 17 March at 7 p.m.

SMALL GROUPS studying a range of viewpoints – deterrence, alternative defence, non-violent action. Details: Tony Weaver, 1 St Barnabas Villas, SW8. 01-720 4241.

SOCIETY OF Labour Law Students. Monday 14 March 7 p.m. Committee Room 9, House of Commons. Dr Brian Bercusson on 'A Socialist Approach to Employment Law'. All welcome.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 13 March 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Psychic Laws & Phenomena'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

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